

Daughters Known to Fame

by Lena C. Ahlers



Estelle Frantz



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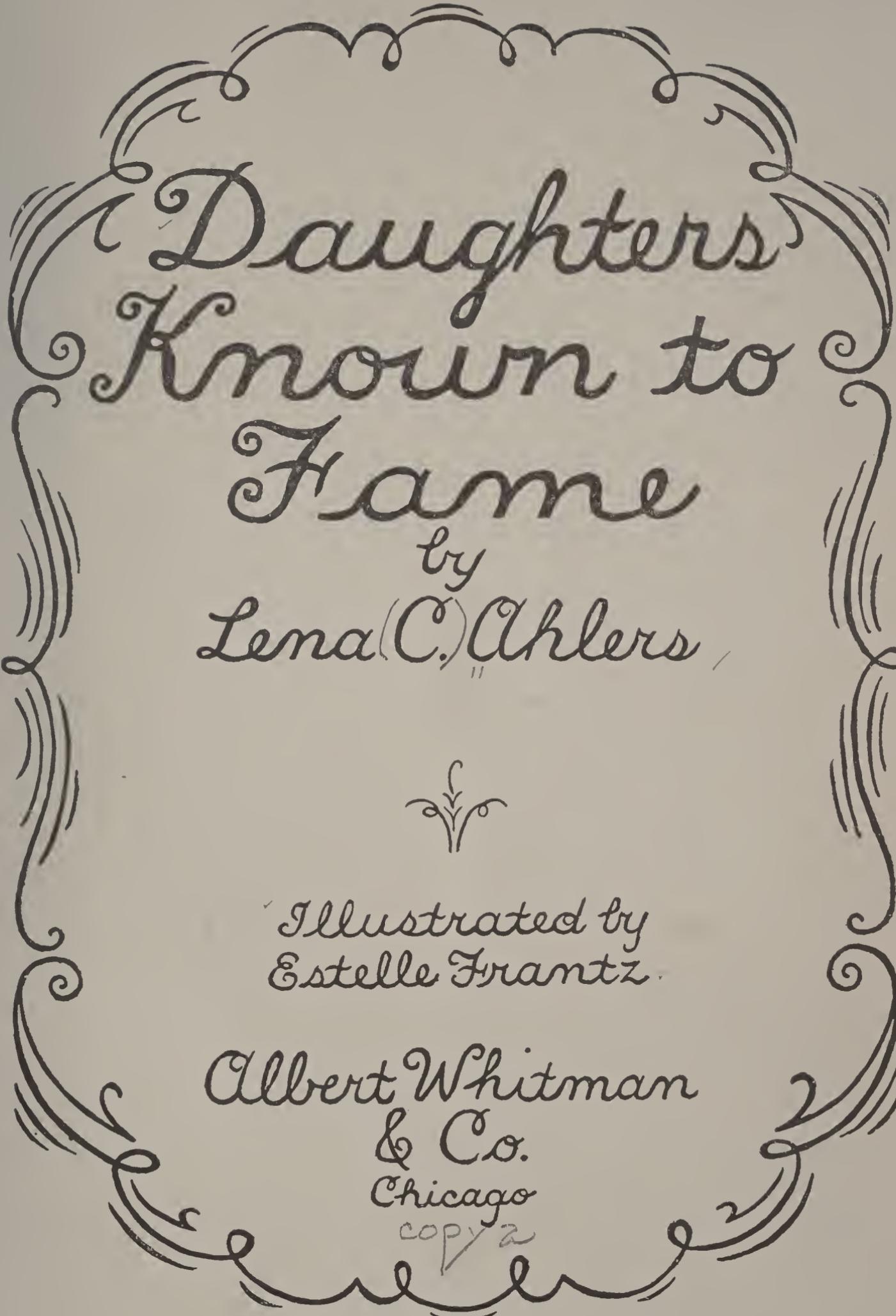
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Lena (C.) Ahlers



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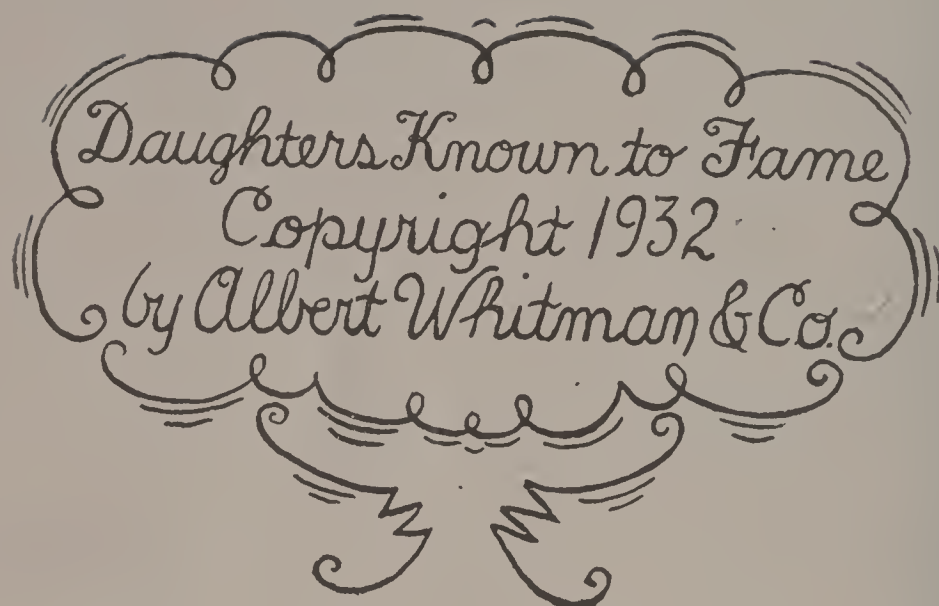
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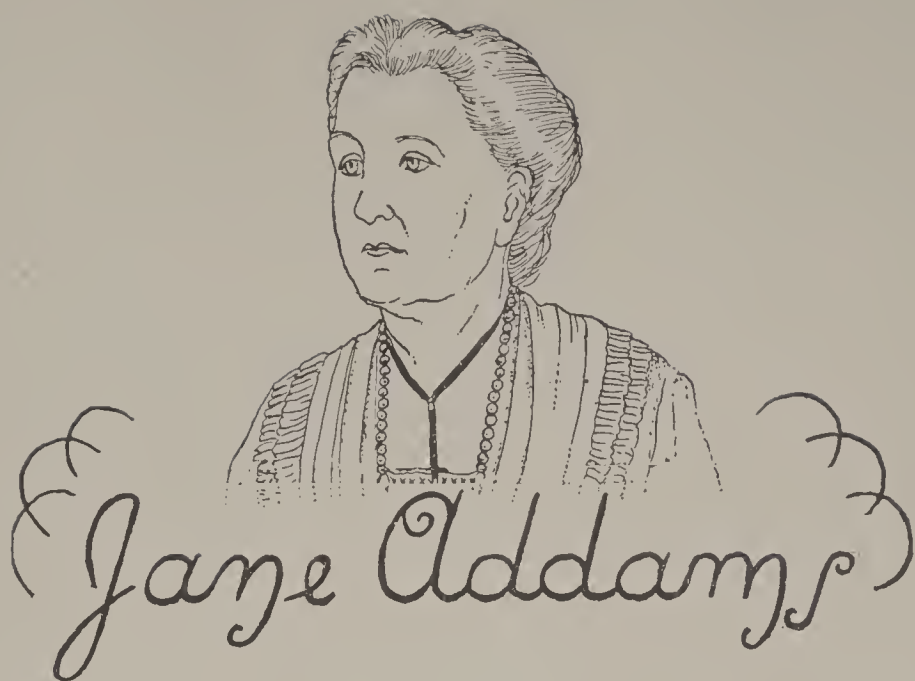
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JANE ADDAMS

FEW women have lived who have devoted their entire time and efforts to the betterment of humanity. But Jane Addams, the greatest settlement worker in America, has dedicated her whole life to this cause.

She was born in the pretty little Illinois town of Cedarville, on September 6, 1861. Perhaps it was because she was born in such a perilous time, when every heart was thoughtful, and even children's faces were grave, that she grew into such a serious, thoughtful, helpful girl.

Miss Addams is very modest, and little is known of her early life. After finishing her common school education, she became a student at Rockford Seminary. Here, perhaps unconsciously to herself, she began to take a special interest in social problems.

Later she went to study at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, and then in Europe. Through her studies she became convinced that her life's work lay among the poor, and she became deeply interested in all social problems.

She returned to Chicago and founded Hull House, which is a social settlement in the city's slums that has been of infinite benefit to the poor. In all this work she was assisted by Ellen Gates Starr, a very wonderful and capable woman. These two noble women have done more for Chicago than perhaps any other two persons.

Miss Addams is an energetic, capable and sympathetic woman, with seemingly infinite ability to understand the problems and troubles of the poor. After seeing her noble, peaceful face, one can readily understand why those in trouble are so eager to trust her. It was not long until Miss Addams had won a place for herself and her institution. There had been need of such a place for years, and for a woman's kindly influence. In a few years she became widely known as the "first woman in Illinois," and aroused much attention to conditions that hitherto had been neglected or carefully hidden.

It was not long before this slender, young Illinois woman was looked upon as an authority on all social questions, and became famous throughout the world for her work at Hull House. The influence of her life at this time can never be estimated, but we know that many a noble life is a monument to her efforts and her kindly patience.

As one naturally would think, Miss Addams has

always been a clear, deep thinker, and she is also a good speaker, which has made her popular as a lecturer. Her experience and knowledge have made her one of the most gifted speakers on social life in the world, and her lectures have probably aroused more persons to the dangers that lie in the slums of the cities than to any other cause. What Mrs. Stowe did for the negroes in writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Miss Addams is doing for the poor of the city slums, not only in Chicago, but everywhere.

For three years Miss Addams did most efficient work as an inspector of streets and alleys, but her work at Hull House claimed her greater attention. In 1909 she acted as president of the conference of charities and corrections, also becoming an active member in the movement for woman's suffrage. She was a prominent member in the formation of the Progressive Party in 1912. It was but natural that a woman of her great ability be taken into politics.

She was elected chairman of the Peace Commission which met at the Hague, with representatives from fourteen nations. Miss Addams was given the honor of being entrusted to visit the warring nations to make reports. On these visits she met many distinguished men and women. She was also later chosen as a member of the Ford peace party which visited Europe trying to secure peace. But she was prevented from attending by a serious illness.

In the midst of her busy life Miss Addams has still found time to write a number of books dealing with social questions. The most popular and widely read being "Twenty Years at Hull House," a fas-

cinating account of her work in the home she founded; "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," an exhaustive study of the call of the street to the young; "Democracy and Social Ethics" and "A New Conscience and Ancient Evil."

In the last few years Miss Addams has often suffered from ill health. But she has found time to write "My Second Twenty Years at Hull House." This book carries on the account of her life from where it stopped in her book "Twenty Years at Hull House," and gives a vivid picture of this remarkable settlement which is now internationally known.

Miss Addams' most recent and perhaps her most important honor came to her in 1931. At that time she was made the joint recipient with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, of the Nobel Peace Prize. This distinguished award was given to Miss Addams because she has contributed so much to the promotion and advancement of the ideals of peace between nations.

Not only has Miss Addams given her life to others, but also her strength, her love, and every thought and effort. Can a more beautiful monument be erected for anyone, than this—to have saved not one life but hundreds from a worse fate than death.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT

NO writer of girls' books has been loved more than has Louisa May Alcott, nor has any person written books that are more popular, or widely read. Perhaps it was because Miss Alcott was always a girl at heart, even when she grew up, that she understood them so well.

Louisa May Alcott was the second of a family of four girls, and was born November 29, 1832, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but spent most of her life in the beautiful old city of Concord, Massachusetts. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, was a professor and a dreamy philosopher, whose gentle influence did much to mold the character of the youthful Louisa.

Louisa had little schooling until she was eight years old, when the family moved to Concord. Here she and her three sisters, Anna, Elizabeth and May,

received their education. Their father was their chief teacher, and their dearest comrade and friend. Louisa possessed a bright, cheerful disposition, and a strong, healthy body, which made her the sunbeam of the "Orchard House," as they called their home. She was the "boy" of the family, as she often called herself, and her father's constant companion. When she was only a small girl she would tell her friends of the wonderful stories she was going to write some day.

When Louisa was only sixteen years old she began teaching in the schools at Concord, and was a very successful teacher, endearing herself to all her pupils. For ten years she taught school, devoting all her spare time to writing, and her first sketch was published when she was sixteen. Her first book, "Flower Fables," was published in 1855. It is a series of imaginary sketches about flowers. Her first novel "Moods" was printed when she was but eighteen. Both of the books were quite widely read, but did not make her famous.

In 1858 her sister, Elizabeth, died. "Beth" as she is called in "Little Women" had always had delicate health. She was a sweet, tender child and was greatly missed in Orchard House. For neighbors the Alcotts had Whittier, Garrison, Sumner, Hawthorne, Julia Ward Howe and Wendell Phillips, and all these famous persons took a keen interest in the Alcotts, especially the talented Louisa.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Louisa went as a nurse to the Georgetown military hospital, near Washington, and came home later suffering from ill



Louisa Reads to Her Sisters

health. Money was needed in the Alcott home, but Louisa did not feel like writing, and happening to think of the many letters she had written home from the hospital she revised them and submitted them to a periodical. They were accepted by the *Boston Commonwealth*, and printed serially, appearing in book form, under the title of "Hospital Sketches" in 1863. Like her two previous books they were extensively read, but did not make her famous.

In 1865 Miss Alcott had the good fortune to visit Europe with an invalid friend. On this trip she met many famous literary people. On her return home her father took some of her sketches to a publisher, who read them without much interest. He suggested to Mr. Alcott that he tell his daughter to write a book for girls, as a popular writer of girls' books had just died. The professor shook his head, replying, "Louisa knows nothing about girls, but could write a book for boys." The publisher refused, stating there were plenty of writers of books for boys.

When Miss Alcott had been told what the publisher had said she prepared to write a book about herself and sisters, feeling, however, it would be of little interest to others. "Little Women" was the result, appearing in 1868, and was popular at once. She received a thousand dollars for the story, with royalties, and next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," more copies were sold than of any other book previously published. It was the first of a series of books for boys and girls, which were as follows, "Little Men," "An Old Fashioned Girl," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Jack and Jill," "Under the Lilacs" and

“Jo’s Boys.” Another series of books was published later under the title of “Aunt Jo’s Scrap Bag Series.”

Miss Alcott’s mother died in 1877, and after that the noble woman devoted her life to her aged father, who was stricken with paralysis in 1882. After the death of her younger sister, May, her little girl, Louisa May, came to live with her aunt Louisa. From the tales she told the child were collected the volumes that make up “Lulu’s Library,” a series of books which was published the year preceding Miss Alcott’s death.

“I live for others, not for myself,” was one of Miss Alcott’s favorite sayings, and every minute of her busy life was devoted to others. The last few years of her life Miss Alcott was a sufferer from nervous prostration and writer’s cramp. She died in 1888, just two days after her father, not knowing that he had gone before her.





SUSAN B. ANTHONY

NO American woman has been loved and revered more than Susan B. Anthony. Every American boy and girl is indebted to this noble woman for her courageous efforts to make this country a better and cleaner place in which to live. The influence of her helpful life extended to other countries, and no person has done more for the advancement of civilization.

Susan Brownell Anthony was born February the fifteenth, 1820, in Adams, Massachusetts. She was a bright, pretty baby and grew into an attractive, gentle girl. Her parents were simple Quaker folk, who taught their children to reverence all things good and noble, and brought them up in a simple faith and trust. All her life Miss Anthony was a devout Christian. Because of her kindness and her interesting

ways Susan was a favorite among her playmates. All of them wanted "Sue," as she was usually called, for a playmate.

She was a very brilliant student, and liked to study hard. She was hardly more than a child when she determined to be a school teacher, hoping in this way to help her parents, and influence other boys and girls to live noble lives. She was still in her teens when she began to teach, but had well developed ideas, and possessed much tact and intuition. She became a popular teacher and taught for fifteen years, learning to know the various personalities of her pupils, and to train them accordingly.

During this time Miss Anthony was brought into close contact with various problems that were disturbing the country. Among these the greatest were the Temperance and Anti-slavery movements, in which she became greatly interested and took an active part. She saw that slaves and drink were great evils, and were a demoralization to our country, and should be stopped, and she never ceased trying to abolish them.

In 1868, when she was no longer busy in the schoolroom, Miss Anthony founded *The Revolution*, a magazine devoted to woman's rights, which aroused much discussion. Some criticized her severely for the views she expressed in her periodical and others praised her. She was one of the foremost pioneers of the Woman's Suffrage movement, and among the greatest leaders for the advancement of women.

Miss Anthony and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton,

another enthusiastic suffragette, founded the National Women's Suffrage Association in 1869, of which many of our grandmothers were members. For many years Miss Anthony was president of this organization, the purpose of it being to secure a national amendment to give women the right to vote. This noble woman believed that if women helped to make the laws, and choose the lawmakers of the country, it would grow better. She was also a firm believer that women should have the same rights to vote as men. Once she tried to vote in the State of New York, under the Fifteenth Amendment, and was arrested and fined.

By this time Miss Anthony had become well known as a woman gifted with rare ability, and toured the country, also England, as an advocate of temperance and woman's suffrage. She often had vast audiences who always listened eagerly to her clear, earnest, musical voice as she told of her ideas and views.

During her spare moments Miss Anthony was always busy, writing about her work, and contributing to various magazines. In August, 1920, fourteen years after her death, the Secretary of State announced the ratification by the required number of States, of the Woman's Suffrage Amendment to the Federal Constitution. This is the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

All of her life Miss Anthony was an active, enthusiastic worker. So interested was she in whatever she undertook to do that she was usually successful. Her life ended in 1906, but she lived long

enough to know that her life had not been given in vain, and that in time her noble efforts would be successful in giving her country temperance and woman's suffrage. In the societies which have sprung from her maiden organizations the memory of her energetic life has been kept sacredly alive.





Amelia Barr

AMELIA BARR

THERE was a time when the name of Amelia Barr was familiar in every household where books were read, and the lively, interesting stories that she wrote still live on. Mrs. Barr has the unique distinction of having won her reputation after she was fifty years old, and in the years which followed, writing sixty or more books. It was dire necessity instead of real inclination that made Mrs. Barr take up the work of writing.

In a little house tucked snugly away between a row of other houses Amelia Edith Huddleston was born in Ulvestin, Lancaster, England, on the twenty-ninth of March, 1831. Her parents were sturdy and strong and always mentally alert, which golden heritage they passed on to their small daughter.

The Huddlestons believed in teaching their children to be honest, faithful, studious and hard work-

ing, and from the very first Amelia tried to follow their teachings. She was well educated, going to school in England as well as in Scotland, to which country the Huddlestons later removed.

Until she was sixteen years old Amelia lived a happy, carefree life, willing and eager to help with home duties wherever she could, but still having plenty of leisure time. Her folk were at that time what would be called "in comfortable circumstances," but they lost their money and it was necessary for Amelia to find something to do outside to support herself.

After a good bit of persistency Amelia found a place as a teacher, but she soon felt the need of more education, so she went to Glasgow to study in the Wesleyan Normal School. Amelia was a romantic, fun-loving girl, as sentimental and full of life as any normal girl of today is, and though she liked to study there were other things which she liked to do even better. Although she did not realize it for a time her teaching days were ended when she met Robert Barr, an enthusiastic young minister.

When Amelia was just eighteen years old they were married and started housekeeping in a modest, cozy way in Scotland. No bride was happier and more bonny than was Amelia and she never dreamed then of the time she would try to write down the glamorous romances forever whisking through her active mind.

There came a day to Amelia when a greater dream than she had ever thought of conceiving came to be true, for the Barrs were to journey to America, the

new land of promise. It is hard even to fancy the joyous exhilaration, the impatience and turmoil of feelings that lived in Amelia's heart as she journeyed across the Atlantic. They reached New York sometime in 1853, with hardly any money but with a vast amount of courage and hope. Amelia had the true pioneer spirit and was ever ready to venture forth to meet new adventures and excitement.

Robert Barr found work as an accountant, while his wife opened a small school for girls. When two children came to them, Amelia was kept busier than ever. Meanwhile her husband entered into business, which soon proved to be a failure. He became sadly discouraged and turning to his brave wife was gladly surprised when she announced that she had succeeded in saving a thousand dollars from the returns of her little school.

After considerable debate and thought the Barrs decided to journey down south to Memphis, but they were scarcely settled there when the cholera forced them to go on to Austin, Texas. Near this city they settled on a farm, and new and thrilling adventures waited for them. Amelia was perfectly at home amid the country wilderness and her life grew and expanded. During the years which followed fifteen children came to the Barrs, the greater part of them dying in infancy. The Barrs later removed to Galveston, Texas, and while living there in 1867 were visited by the yellow fever scourge which swept the country. When the worst of the fever was over Amelia was a widow with three children, two of her sons having died with her husband.

Mrs. Barr had met Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet B. Stowe and other noted literary people before leaving England, and thinking matters over, she conceived the idea of trying to write to support herself and children, so in 1869 she went to New York again. Henry Ward Beecher had told her if she ever came to America and he could be of any help to her, he would be glad to extend it.

So when Amelia and her three children arrived in the big city with only five dollars in her pocket she felt the time had come to call upon Mr. Beecher for help. True to the great man's promise he helped Amelia all that he could, and was instrumental in helping her earn the first dollar for literary work. For years she did miscellaneous work, such as writing advertisements, circulars, short articles, and verse to make a living. Then Robert Bonner became interested in her work and she became one of his writers. Even then she could not "pick and choose" so she wrote what would sell whether she cared to write that or not. In after years she said she learned to write by writing, and bravely she served her apprenticeship.

During her spare moments Amelia wrote "Jan Vedder's Wife," bits of which danced through her brain during all the years of her apprenticeship. In 1884 the story was accepted by a leading publisher. This book at once established Amelia's reputation and has secured for her a place among American writers. It is a story of strong character and vigorous life of the Shetland Islands and has been translated into many languages. In all of her books Mrs.

Barr showed marked traits of charm and clearness, presenting wholesome and primitive types of characters who have a great appeal.

All of her life Mrs. Barr was keenly interested in the affairs of life, and in later years particularly in woman's suffrage. She never lost touch with the world in those years no matter how busy she was with her books or her duties in Cherry Croft, her beautiful home on the Hudson.

Mrs. Barr wrote many historical novels, and "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," the second book she wrote, is a story of New York during Dutch supremacy. About this time Mrs. Barr's works appeared in the best periodicals. The scenes in the "Border Shepherdess" are laid on the borderland between England and Scotland. "Friend Oliva" is a story of the English commonwealth. Among her later novels were "Hands of Compulsion," "House on Cherry Street" and "Sheila Vedder." She wrote an interesting biography which she called "All the Days of My Life."

Mrs. Barr died on the eleventh of March, 1919, at her home in Richmond Hill, from the effects of a sunstroke which she had suffered in July. When she was a literary contributor to the *Christian Herald*, Louis Klopsch, the editor, became her close friend. One day he said, "When you die I want you to be buried in my plot in Sleepy Hollow and when the resurrection comes I want you to be there close by me." At Mrs. Barr's death, Klopsch's widow came to her home and made the arrangements, and so Mrs. Barr sleeps in the historical old cemetery.



CLARA BARTON

EVEN when she was a child Clara Barton was always busy. There was always a broken doll to be fixed, a sick animal or insect to be nursed, a child to be soothed. Everything that was injured was sure to secure the attention of the sympathetic little girl.

Clara Barton was a Christmas child, being born on that day in 1821, at Oxford, Massachusetts. The small girl was so much younger than any of her sisters and brothers that they all “mothered” her.

When only three years old Clara could read, and soon started to the district school, where, on account of her extremely sensitive nature, she was very shy. When she was eight years old the family moved to another farm near Clinton, New York. When Clara was only eleven years old, one of her brothers

had a serious fall which made him an invalid for two years. Clara was his nurse and constant companion, and though the experience was very hard on her she found her true profession. During the vacation, following her brother's recovery, she worked for two weeks in her brother Stephen's mill, but with the burning of the mill her work ended.

When she was but fifteen years old she began teaching school, which profession she followed for twenty years. Her spirit of helpfulness and sympathy made her a great favorite with her pupils. The latter part of those years she also kept the books for her brother at the mill, and studied in her spare moments. In 1853 she started a "free school" in Bordentown, New Jersey. Here the people were prejudiced against schools, but in three months they changed their minds.

In 1855 Miss Barton, on account of ill health and complete loss of voice, was forced to give up teaching. She went to Washington, where she became a government clerk, thus she became the first woman to hold a government office at Washington.

Her own sufferings and disappointments increased her great spirit of sympathy, and everyone who needed a friend found in her a true comrade, willing to give needed help.

When the Civil War broke out Miss Barton was one of the first to dedicate her time and life to the service of her country. From the very first she helped to dress wounds in the hospitals, and aided the Government in ordering supplies. But her greatest help was given in assisting the Bureau of Rec-

ords, which she herself organized, in placing missing men. She herself named and marked twelve thousand graves in the Andersonville, Georgia, Cemetery.

While dressing so many neglected wounds the thought came to Miss Barton that the best place to do this would be on the battlefield. Encouraged in this by her dying father, she went to the battlefield, where her gentle mercy, calm face and loving words were of infinite value. Through the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, and the Spanish-American War, Clara Barton was an angel of mercy.

In 1869 Miss Barton's health was so impaired from her hard service on the battlefield, that she went to Switzerland for a little rest. Here she came in contact with members of the International Red Cross society, and later went to the front in the Franco-Prussian War.

On her return to America in 1873 she at once began to organize the first branch of the Red Cross in this country. She became the first president, and held the position until 1904. To her also is due the honor of having the amendment added by which the Red Cross can extend aid wherever it is needed.

Miss Barton was honored above all American women. The German Emperor, wishing to express his gratitude for her unselfish service, presented her with the Iron Cross of Germany.

Miss Barton wrote several books, all telling about her work, namely, "History of the Red Cross," "Story of the Red Cross," and "Story of My Childhood." Her busy life ended at Glen Echo, Maryland,

April 12, 1912, and, still eager to give help to others, she softly cried at the last, "Let me go! Let me go!"

Not only did our country learn to love this noble, pure-hearted, unselfish woman, but so did foreign countries. She will always be thought of as one of America's most remarkable women, and the "Angel of the Battlefield."





SARAH BERNHARDT

MARK TWAIN said, "There are five kinds of actresses, poor actresses, fair actresses, good actresses, great actresses and Sarah Bernhardt." Sarah Bernhardt was one of the world's greatest actresses and for fifty years was an idol of the stage, admired by everyone. Although Madam Bernhardt had a many-sided, restless nature, a quick temper and many rather peculiar eccentricities she was generally loved, for she also had a warm, sympathetic heart and a deep sense of justice and gratitude.

Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1844, and was named Sarah Rosine. She was of Jewish descent, her mother being a Dutch Jewess and her father a French Catholic. Sarah was brought up and educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and was a devout worshiper all of her life. Much of the little

girl's early life was spent in a convent, and the quiet, uneventful days must have often irked the soul of the adventure-loving, romantic child with overflowing emotions. Much of the earlier years of Sarah's life were spent in Amsterdam and the girl learned to love its quaint, quiet beauty, even though chafing at the restraint of the life she had to live there.

While Sarah was still a child she declared emphatically that she would be a nun if she was not permitted to become an actress at the Comédie Française, one of the large theaters. From her babyhood Sarah's every effort and thought seemed to be of the stage, and though she had no opportunity to visit the theater her little soul yearned deeply for these opportunities.

No child was ever surer of the career she wanted to follow when she became old enough, or more determined that the work she was choosing was the right career for her than was Sarah Bernhardt. In later years she said, "I knew from the very first what I wanted to do, and I have tried to do it."

When Sarah was nearly fifteen years old she was entered as a student at the Paris Conservatoire, one of the greatest dramatic schools in France at that time. Here in 1861 and the next year Sarah received prizes in tragedy and comedy, making her debut in "Iphigenie." Sarah was so frightened that she was not a very successful actress, and she made no great hit in Scribe's "Valerie" which followed.

All her life Sarah was troubled with passionate bursts of temper, and she never learned to control herself when anything excited her. Disappointed

with herself at the Comédie Française, Sarah scarcely knew what to do and one night she slapped the leading lady. Slapping leading ladies was not just the thing for a beginning actress to do and so she left the theater.

For a short time Sarah's determination to be an actress wavered and grew a bit dim, but her ambitious soul would not let her rest and she soon appeared again at the Gymnase and the Porte Saint-Martin in burlesque, and in 1867 at L'Odéon in higher drama. Then she had a chance to play a part in Hugo's "Ruy Blas," and was so successful in this role that she was recalled to the Comédie Française. From that time on the talented young woman proved her ability and her rise to fame and popularity was rapid.

In 1879 Sarah visited London and again in 1880, at which time she severed her connection with the Comédie Française in a rage, losing \$20,000 thereby. But Madam Bernhardt did not worry about the loss of that amount of money at this time for she always knew she could make more money by her tours abroad, and she was never happy unless she could show her power.

During 1880 and 1881 Sarah toured Denmark and Russia. In 1882 she was married to Jacques Damala, a Greek actor, but after a year of wedded life they parted. Madam Bernhardt made her first tour to America in 1886 and was received with joyous enthusiasm. She visited America again in 1891, and also two years later when she toured North and South America, Australia and all the chief

European countries. Upon her return to Paris she became manager of the Theater of Renaissance, and five years later she established the Sarah Bernhardt Theater.

The talented actress revisited America in 1900, 1911 and 1913. During her 1913 visit she met with a painful accident which ended in blood poisoning, with the result that, in February, 1915, her leg had to be amputated. The graceful Sarah, so active and agile, learned to use an artificial limb quite readily and returned to active living, but not to the stage. She was still youthful in appearance and had the same glowing heart she had when a girl, but despite her cleverness at handling her new leg she was not as active as she was before and she did not believe she had any business returning to the stage.

In 1914 Sarah Bernhardt was the recipient of the French Legion of Honor, and the same year she took part in a moving picture, "Queen Elizabeth." From the time of the accident Madam Bernhardt gave more of her time to her painting and sculpturing, being gifted in both. She also wrote a book called "Memoirs" and two plays.

In October, 1916, Madam Bernhardt returned to the United States, appearing in all of the larger cities, where she received the greatest and most enthusiastic welcome she had ever been given. She retained her glowing enthusiastic spirit of life till her death on March the twenty-sixth, 1922.



JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE

NO heroine ever lived in any book who had a more exciting and thrilling life than did Marie Rose Josephine Bonaparte, the wife of the famous Napoleon. She is one of the most pathetic figures in modern history and her whole life was full of adventure and sorrow, even though she lived most of the time in grand mansions and palaces. There was little of peace and contentment in this beautiful woman's short life of fifty-one years.

Marie Joseph Rose Tascherde la Pagerie was born on the twenty-third of June, 1767, near Martinique in the Trois Islets, being the eldest of quite a family of children. Her father was a poor, shiftless, poverty-stricken planter, and the mother, though well educated, was bound on every side by lack of money. Marie was a lively baby and probably the

happiest days of her life were spent in that poor little home helping her mother, although in those days her poor little body often ached because she was so tired. Marie was a great dreamer, but even she never dreamed of being an empress, as she afterward became, and in those days she was called Marie Joseph. It was many years afterward that the Joseph was changed to Josephine and the Marie dropped.

Because no one on the little island ever thought that the young girl would become famous in history no record was kept of her childhood, and she probably lived and grew as did the other children of that time. History first records something more pertaining to Marie Josephine when her aunt, who was a housekeeper for the Viscomte Alexandre Beauharnais's father, wrote to Marie's father asking for one of his girls in marriage for the young boy. By this time Marie had several sisters, and her father wrote back that the lad could have his second daughter, Catherine Desiree, but before the marriage could be arranged the young girl died. Then it was suggested that Nanette, the third girl, should be taken instead. Marie was very disappointed that her father had not suggested her, although, she was older than the Viscomte, and by and by coaxed him to let her go instead.

Late in the autumn of 1779 Marie landed in France, for it had been decided by her parents to let her go, and the little Nanette who gave up this privilege died a few years later. Soon after Marie's meeting with Beauharnais they were married in the

parish church of Noisy-le-Grand. No more than a child herself Marie knew nothing about marriage and men and the strangeness of the new country frightened her, but she tried to be happy.

Her husband was a gay young soldier in command of an army on the Rhine and knew nothing about girls, and he and his wife quarreled continually, parting several times and each time being reunited. By and by two children, a boy and a girl, Eugene and Hortense, came to them.

After the fall of Robespierre the young husband was imprisoned, and for over a hundred days Marie was also imprisoned. These were very hard days for the young girl and influenced all of her life, making her bitter and unsympathetic. Her husband was finally led to the guillotine, being one of the last of the victims of the Reign of Terror.

After the death of Beauharnais the young son, Eugene, went to Bonaparte, then a commander in Paris, and begged that he give back to him his father's sword, which had been taken from him when he was imprisoned. Bonaparte gave Eugene the sword, and the next day Marie Josephine, still at the height of her beauty, called on the general and thanked him for restoring the sword. Bonaparte was so attracted by her charms that he wooed and wed her.

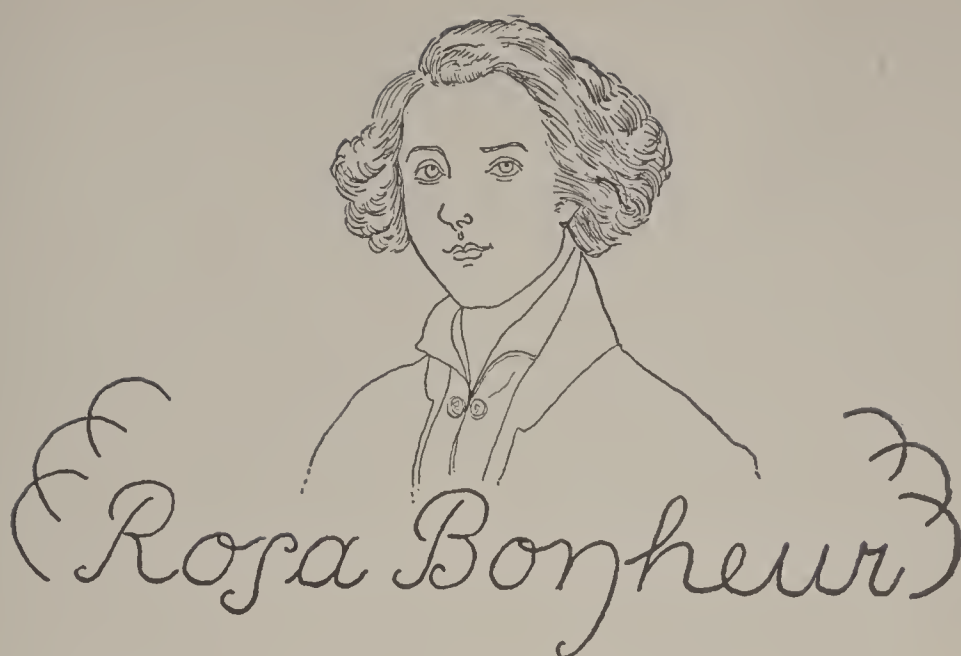
Napoleon bought a beautiful little estate, which he called Malmaison, near Paris, and gave it to Marie, or Josephine as he preferred to call her. Here the happiest days she spent in France were lived, and here she and her ambitious young hus-

band and her beautiful children were at peace, but not for long.

The handsome young woman was very happy when her husband became the First Consul and was invaluable to him, for Marie had always been clever as well as intelligent. But Marie Josephine scarcely knew what to do when her husband was crowned Emperor, for it did not seem so very long before when she had been a poor little starving child in Martinique.

It was not long, though, until the young empress was to know more of sorrow than she had ever known before, for Napoleon fearing for the succession of the throne plotted to divorce his fair young wife. The divorce was granted in 1809, and on the twelfth of March of the next year the emperor married Marie Louise, a daughter of the emperor of Austria. By this time Marie Josephine had learned to love the erring young man passionately, and after he left her all the brightness seemed to go out of her life.

By and by Napoleon was exiled to Elba and his wife, Marie Louise, refused to go with him, but when Marie Josephine heard about his misfortune she wrote begging him to let her come to comfort him. This request Napoleon had to refuse, but before the letter could reach her, Marie had died from an attack of pleurisy and pneumonia.



ROSA BONHEUR

THERE probably never lived a more active and normal girl than Rosa Bonheur, and although she was the greatest woman painter who has ever lived, her life was so simple and ordinary that she seems just to have been an average girl. Every person who has read about Rosa's childhood feels instinctively that she would have been a delightful playmate, and that when she became a famous lady she never lost this winsome charm. Rosa was always the same kind-hearted, gentle, patient person with a cheerful word for everybody.

Rosa Bonheur was born on the twenty-second of March, 1822, at Bordeaux, France. She was baptized Marie Rosalie, but from the very first the pink-cheeked, happy baby was called Rosa, as she was through all of her life, the name suited her

much better than the one given her. Rosa came into the midst of a wonderful family, all of whom were talented, ambitious, and well educated. Her father was a painter and made some very creditable pictures, while her mother was a gifted musician, so from the very first Rosa was surrounded with art and beauty. The two brothers and one sister that Rosa had were also painters, and all of the children inherited much of their father's talent for painting and their mother's passionate love for beauty.

Even before Rosa could walk she wanted to pet all of the dogs and cats and other animals she saw, and from the very first showed such a marked liking for animals that her father predicted she would one day be a painter of animals. Just how true his prediction was the father probably never stopped to think, but as soon as his little daughter could hold a brush in her hand he began to give her painting lessons.

What happy days those were for the Bonheur family when all the children gathered about their father for painting lessons, while the mother played to them soft, gay airs. No wonder that in Rosa's little heart nothing could grow but love and gentleness. Still the parents wished the little daughter to become a dressmaker. So many painters in one family did not seem hardly right, but little Rosa showed so much artistic ability that she was permitted to paint all she liked.

While Rosa was still a young child the Bonheur family removed to Paris, where all of the children had a much better opportunity for study. Here the

young Bonheurs were constant visitors at all of the art galleries in the noisy city. Often visitors stopped to look at the earnest faces of the young children as they studied the pictures and tried so hard to copy them.

But even amidst this happy life there came to the Bonheurs a great sorrow, for their mother died in 1835. The children missed her very much and for a time their greatest relief from sorrow was found in their painting. Rosa had become more and more interested in animals and had learned to know many of them so thoroughly that she painted them more truthfully than they had ever been painted before. So rapidly did Rosa progress with her painting that she was still a child herself when she was able to give painting lessons to the young princess, Czar-torisky.

When Rosa was only nineteen years old her picture, "Rabbits Eating Carrots" was displayed at the annual Paris exhibition at the *Salon*, where it won a good bit of attention. This made the young artist very happy and she determined to study and work harder than ever. She had grown from a pretty little child into a strong, handsome woman, and had often dressed in men's clothes in order to get about better to study the animals she wanted to paint. Now she visited every place where animals could be found and she observed them so closely that when she painted them they almost seemed to move and breathe. From her first exhibition until 1855, some of Rosa's paintings were shown in the *Salon* every

year, and in 1848 she was awarded a medal of the first class.

Rosa's father remarried again in 1845, and soon afterward the entire family exhibited pictures in the Paris Salon, but none of their pictures called forth more attention than Rosa's paintings. Rosa's pictures, "Goat and Sheep" and "Two Sheep" were the first of her pictures to gain real recognition. All of her pictures, even her early paintings, are remarkable for their truthfulness, and probably no pictures of animals have been more admired. In 1865 the Empress Eugenie honored Rosa by giving her the Cross of the Legion of Honor. After that she received many such honors.

Perhaps Rosa's most remarkable and largest picture is the "Horse Fair," which was shown in London and is now familiar all over the world. It was this great painting that established Rosa as a real artist for all time. She was very anxious that her home city should have the picture in which she had put so much of her time, strength and ability, and offered it to Bordeaux for six thousand dollars. Later it sold in London for sixty thousand dollars and was afterward bought for the Metropolitan Museum, New York. In 1892 she painted a life-sized picture which she called "Horses Threshing Corn" which was sold for sixty thousand dollars.

Among her other pictures that have won the most attention are "Plowing in Nivernais," which hangs in the Louvre in Paris, where her "Haymaking Season in Auvergne" is also. "Deer in the Forest," "A Limer-Briquet Hound" and "Weaning the

Calves" are in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

After a busy happy life Rosa died as bravely and as happily as she lived, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1899.





CHARLOTTE BRONTË

NO other writer who ever lived made such splendid use of winds and storm clouds and driving rain," said Elbert Hubbard about Charlotte Brontë. Another critic said, "In no instance do we find a closer relation between the life and the work of an artist." Those who have read the Brontë sisters' books and read about their lives can feel the wild, solitary breath of the wide moors on which they lived in nearly everything that they wrote. Charlotte, especially, put the emotions and incidents of her life into her stories in a way that few other writers have ever done, and it is probably for this emotional appeal that "Jane Eyre," her most famous book, is still so popular.

Mr. Brontë was an Irishman by birth, and a pious clergyman in the Church of England, being well ed-

educated and having attended college at Cambridge. He then settled in a small parish in Yorkshire. Here he met and married Maria Bramwell, a dainty, refined little woman with simple tastes and graceful manners.

Here two children came to them to make their home a happier place, and just before Charlotte's birth in 1816 the family removed to Thornton. In the comfortable little parish house at this place Charlotte was born on the sixteenth of April, and from the very first her eldest sister, Maria, thought of her as her special charge. Charlotte was still too young to remember when her father was called to fill the only parish church at Haworth.

Haworth was a very simple little village then, just as it is now, and it lies eight hundred feet above the sea, "embedded in the moors," as someone has said, and shrouded with the mystery and charm of wide barren acres. The wild beauty and strange charm of the lonely country soon impressed the little Charlotte, and she liked to do nothing better than wander with her sisters and one brother out into its weird wilderness.

When Maria was only eight years old their mother died, leaving the six small children, and although one of their aunts came to look after them, they were dependent largely upon their own resources for care and entertainment. Their father was very studious and would often shut himself up in his library for hours at a time, while the aunt tried to teach the children to sew, cook, and do the other tasks expected of every girl at that time.

From their very babyhood all the Brontë children were fond of having stories read to them, and themselves learned to read as soon as possible. When in the house Maria and Elizabeth, the second oldest child, would often gather the children together and read to them debates in Parliament and other public affairs, which even the youngest seemed to understand. At times when their father was not in his study the children delighted in browsing in the library, examining and reading in the most ponderous volumes.

So strongly was the little Charlotte impressed with "Pilgrim's Progress" that one day shortly after she was six years old she started out to find the Golden City. She had toddled along for a mile when she came to a pretty, vine-covered place and stopped to rest, and there her aunt found her and took her home. Some one asked her what was the best book she knew of when she was eight years old and she replied quickly, "The Bible," and without hesitation added that the next best book was the "Book of Nature."

It may have been very loneliness, or it may have been the talents with which they were gifted, that made the Brontë children invent and act out plays of their own, writing biographies, verses, dramas, stories, and so on. These they gathered together into volumes that they called magazines, and by the time that Charlotte was fourteen years old she had made up twenty-two such collections. The father taught his children as well as he could and now and then they were sent to private boarding schools. But none

of them was strong, and soon the two eldest girls died, leaving Charlotte at the head of the little group.

By and by the three sisters finished their education and became teachers and governesses, but Emily's health soon gave out as a governess in a large private school with forty pupils, and she came home to care for her father, who was fast losing his sight, and her only brother who had never been very well. Meanwhile Charlotte and Anne, the other sister, kept on teaching. In 1842 Charlotte and Emily decided to go to Brussels to study German and French, and here Charlotte taught a year in the school which she attended, but she rejoined her family in Haworth in 1844, feeling that they needed her.

By this time her father was almost blind, and her brother, Bramwell, was in very bad health, while Emily and Anne were feeling the touches of the dreadful disease which had taken the other sisters. But despite all of these obstacles the three sisters kept up their studies and their ambitions of some day doing something worth while. No one ever lived with kinder and more tender hearts than these girls, and they were especially kind to all animals who soon recognized in them protecting friends.

In 1845 the three sisters decided to try starting a private school of their own to help support the family, but no answers came to the numerous letters which the girls sent out. Then one day Charlotte happened to find some of Emily's poems, and she was so greatly impressed with them that she

decided to gather some of her own and Anne's poems together and have them published in book form. The book was issued at their own risk and published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. It attracted very little attention and it is said that only two copies were sold the first year.

But the indomitable sisters were not discouraged and turned their attention to fiction, each writing a book. The three novels appeared about the same time, Charlotte calling hers "The Professor," Emily called hers "Wuthering Heights" and Anne called hers "Agnes Grey." Emily's and Anne's books soon found a publisher, but Charlotte's was not published for some time, being refused by the same publisher who in 1847 took "Jane Eyre" and after its great success bought Charlotte's first book.

A short time after the appearance of the sisters' books in 1848 Bramwell Brontë died, thus relieving the girls from their long night vigils, and it seemed as though a happier life might open up for the three talented sisters in which they might devote more time to their work. But in the spring of the next year Emily died and Anne became seriously ill and was taken by Charlotte to Scarborough in the hope that the sea air would help her. The hope was vain and Anne soon joined the sisters, brother and mother who had gone before her. Thus, inside of eight months, Charlotte lost all of her family but her father, to whom she returned immediately.

In the following seven years Charlotte's literary work won a good bit of recognition, even though at first she still wrote under the name of Currer Bell.

During this time she became acquainted with Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell, another writer, who later wrote a biography of Charlotte. She made occasional trips to London where she met other famous men and women.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1854, Charlotte married Arthur Bell Nichols, her father's curate; but in less than a year she died and was buried in the home church grounds at Haworth, beside her mother, sisters and brother.





Elizabeth B. Browning

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

POETRY has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work—in the completest expression of my personal being to which I could attain.” So wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom competent critics have considered the greatest woman poet England has ever produced.

Elizabeth Barrett was born on the sixth of March, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall in Durham, England. There were two other daughters and eight sons in the family, of which Edward, the eldest boy, was always Elizabeth’s favorite brother. The Barrett children had many happy times together, and it was not long until little Elizabeth became very fond of everything

that was good and beautiful. Nothing gave her more or deeper joy than the great outdoors; and this enjoyment remained with her during all her life, and is often referred to in poems she wrote afterward.

Elizabeth's parents were cultured folk and from the very first taught their children many things beyond the knowledge of most children their ages. When Elizabeth grew older she was sent to various schools. But she was never a strong and robust child, and as she grew older her health did not improve, despite all of her outdoor exercises. At a very early age Elizabeth began to write poetry, but she was ashamed of these little poems in later years.

Her mother died before she was eight years old, leaving an empty place in the Barrett household and in little Elizabeth's heart. Very soon after this sad event Mr. Barrett took his children and went to live on a new estate purchased in Herefordshire, among the beautiful Malvern Hills, where Elizabeth lived for twenty years. Every day of her stay in this picturesque place she grew to love it more and more.

Because Elizabeth was so modest and timid she did not desire anyone to write a biography about her life, so unfortunately little is known about her earlier life. We know only that she was a very happy, carefree girl. Her older brothers and sisters were always ready and eager to protect and help the delicate little Elizabeth, who was always so cheerful. Despite her health Elizabeth was a regular tomboy and liked nothing better than to ride horseback and go fishing and swimming with her brothers.

One day when she was fifteen years old Elizabeth accidentally fell from a horse and injured her back, and for a long time she was confined to her room. This was very hard for the active little girl to bear, but naturally gave her more time for her writing. Her love of "Homer" led her into a deep study of Greek which fascinated her with a strange attraction. As she was unable to attend school her father employed Stuart Boyd, a man of great learning and attainments, though blind, to be his daughter's guide. In after years when Elizabeth described him she said he was "enthusiastic for the good and the beautiful, and one of the most simple and upright of human beings." In the sonnets she wrote some years afterward she refers to Mr. Boyd as her "Wine of Cyprus."

During these years the brain of Elizabeth grew marvelously and in 1826 she had a little volume of essays published, entitled "Essays of the Mind and Other Poems." From that time her rise to fame was rapid. During the years which followed, Elizabeth was a very busy and happy person and wrote whenever she could. In 1835 the family removed to London, where Elizabeth enjoyed many literary advantages that she was denied when living in the country, and it was about this time that she met Miss Mary Russell Mitford, one of the greatest authors of the time.

The following year Elizabeth broke a blood vessel in her lungs. As it did not heal, her physicians ordered her to go to a milder climate to spend the winter. So, in the autumn, the delicate Elizabeth

with her shower of dark curls, her eldest brother and a few relatives went to Torquay, Devonshire.

Nothing seemed more beautiful to Elizabeth than this wonderful, quiet country with its wealth of sunshine, and she was very bright and happy. Over and over again she thought of the wonderful writing she would be able to do in such favorable surroundings. Then on one of the most perfect of mornings her brother and two of his friends started to cross the bar and the boat went down, all three being drowned.

At first her family was afraid to tell Elizabeth, for there was no one she loved more than her brother Edward. But she had to be told, and she was utterly prostrated with grief. All winter she heard the waves moaning like some dead soul in grief. Her wild spirit roamed and cried for peace, but by and by she recovered enough to be taken back to London, as she so yearned to do. Here she rallied and again found solace in her beloved books and started to write poems again. From time to time she issued new volumes of poetry. Her book, "Seraphim and Other Poems" had appeared during these trying days.

"The Cry of the Children" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" were among the poems written at this period of Elizabeth's life. In 1844 there appeared her "Drama of Exile," in which she included all that she wished to preserve of previous published material. Among them was a poem which held a reference to Robert Browning, whose poetry she had read and found pleasure in. She had written "Or from

Browning some pomegranate which, if cut down deep the middle shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a vein humanity." The book happened to come to the attention of Robert Browning, already well known as the author of "Paracelsus," and he decided that he could do nothing less than thank the writer for these beautiful lines.

There followed an exchange of numerous letters between Robert Browning and Elizabeth and at last he called on the invalid and was allowed to enter her room. He was greatly astonished at Elizabeth's bright, happy nature, and almost immediately fell in love with her. Mr. Barrett violently opposed his daughter marrying because of her delicate health. But, defying her father's orders, the two were married on the tenth of September, 1846, and immediately went to Italy.

For over twenty years the Brownings lived and wrote in Florence, and some of Mrs. Browning's greatest works were written here. Here she wrote her "Sonnetts from the Portuguese," which are all love sonnets recording the growth of love between the author and her husband. Elizabeth did not show them to her husband till some time after their marriage, when he insisted upon her offering them for publication. "From the Portuguese" were words used to disguise the poems, and which were retained when they were published.

Mrs. Browning became deeply interested in the history and fate of the new country in which she lived, and learned to love it as much as she had England. Three years after their marriage there came

to the Brownings a beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired son, and ever afterward the natives spoke of Elizabeth as "the mother of the beautiful child." The son grew up and became a noted sculptor and died a few years ago in this country, almost as well known and beloved as were his famous father and mother.

In 1856 appeared Mrs. Browning's longest work, which though not an autobiography, embodies much of her experience and presents many of her ideas and beliefs. She called it "Aurora Leigh" and ranked it as her best poem. Most critics, however, consider her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" her greatest poem.

Death came and took this cheerful author on the twenty-ninth of June, 1861, in her beautiful Florence home. As she lay cheerfully waiting for the end the last words of her happy life were uttered. "It is beautiful," she murmured, even as she gasped for breath.





ALICE CARY

SO closely were the sisters Alice and Phoebe Cary united in their lives that whenever the name of one is mentioned we also think of the other. There have been but few such beautiful personal devotions portrayed in the literary world as the affections of these two simple, talented girls.

Alice Cary, the elder of the sisters, was born April 26, 1820, in a charming little cottage called Clover-nook. The house stood in the pretty Miami Valley in Ohio, about eight miles north of Cincinnati. On every side green fields stretched out to meet blue skies, and grass and flowers grew in profusion around the cottage, a lure to birds, bees, and butterflies.

The Carys were in very moderate circumstances, but had a good education, and from the first they

surrounded their little daughter with all the things that would make her desire an education. When Alice was four years old her sister Phoebe was born, and all the rest of their lives they were the most devoted comrades. Their parents died while they were young, leaving them the rich heritage of noble characters.

All the education the girls obtained so far as going to school is concerned, was in the small country schoolhouse near their home. But they improved their limited opportunities by studying over and over again the half dozen choice books they possessed. Both of the girls learned to love nature passionately, and often sat for many minutes, trying to interpret the song of a bird, the buzz of a bee, or the flutter of a butterfly. Both of them were of a gentle, quiet, sympathetic nature. They were what might be called dreamers. Many an hour they spent together in some shady nook painting word pictures, and weaving delicious little rhymes. And while they dreamed and planned they kept talking of the time when their poems would make them famous, and they could leave Clovernook and journey out into the world. They never lost the steadfast faith that some day they would write great poems that the world would read and admire.

When Alice was eighteen and her sister fourteen, they submitted their first poems to publishers. Alice was very timid and sent her first manuscript to the *National Era*, one of the most popular magazines at that time, under the name of "Patty Lee." Her poems were so graceful and so full of tender sweet-

ness that from the very first they were widely read and favorably commented on. Phoebe's were so dainty and childlike, and yet dramatic, that in a few years both girls were well known. In 1849 a collection of their poems was printed in book form, under the title of "Poems by Alice and Phoebe Cary," one third of them being by Alice. About this time John Greenleaf Whittier wrote the sisters a beautiful letter of encouragement of which they were very proud.

Shortly after the appearance of this book of poems Horace Greeley visited Clovernook, and encouraged the Cary girls to come to New York, where he thought they would have far greater opportunities. So in 1850 they sold their cottage at Clovernook and went to the great city to live. They rented a small, cheap house and began housekeeping. By economy and hard work they managed to get along, and soon prosperity began to come their way, and for over twenty years they lived happily together. It was not long until they became acquainted with the most brilliant and famous persons of the time, among whom were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Richard and Elizabeth Stoddard and Thomas B. Aldrich. All these and many others were delighted to visit the cultured and peaceful home of the Cary sisters.

By this time both the girls had become constant contributors to leading periodicals of the country. Alice wrote "Clovernook Sketches," "Lyra and other Poems," "Hagar, A Story of Today," "Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns," "Pictures of Country Life," "Stories Told to a Child," "Married, Not Mated," "The Bishop's Son," "The Lover's Diary," and

"Snow Berries, A Book for Young Folks," besides the volumes of poetry she wrote with Phoebe. Her novels were widely and eagerly read for their charming descriptions of domestic life.

The last few years of her life Alice was a hopeless invalid, suffering pain almost continually, but her gentle spirit never faltered in its calmness. Her sister Phoebe nursed her devotedly. With the same peace in which she lived, this noble girl and charming, sympathetic poet died on February 12, 1871. Heart-broken and lonely her fond sister, Phoebe, joined her a few years later. The fragrance of these two lives still lingers to charm and inspire others to nobler thoughts and deeds.





PHOEBE CARY

ON the fourth of September, 1824, there was born in a little brown house in the Miami Valley in Ohio, a little girl. The parents decided to call the new baby Phoebe, for the oldest girl had been named Rowena, the second Susan, and the next was Rhoda who died in 1833 and was the constant chum of the well-known Alice, who came next. Then came Asa, who was delighted with his new sister, and when Phoebe was only a few years old another little brother named Warren came to play with her. By and by came Lucy, who was the image of her mother, and who died not quite a month after Rhoda. Last of all came a little girl, who lived for some time with her older sisters. With such a large household it is easy to fancy that the little Phoebe was never lonesome.

Phoebe's father was a man of great knowledge and he had very high ideals and principles, and loved to read. He was especially fond of poetry and romances, and liked to talk about these to his children. None of them listened more rapturously than did Alice and Phoebe. Alice declared in later years that Rhoda would have been the greatest writer of them all, had she lived. However much the children loved their gentle, refined mother, it was their father who sang them to sleep and whom they nearly worshiped. The father had served as a soldier in the War of 1812, and what child does not admire a soldier? Among the most characteristic traits of Phoebe was her pride in her family ancestors, and she would always, even in the last years of her life, point proudly to the family's coat of arms hanging in some prominent place on the wall.

At that time there were few school houses in that part of Ohio, so the Cary children were taught mostly at home. But later on a plain one-story brick school was built a mile and a quarter from the Cary home, and at last Phoebe and her sisters and brothers were sent to school. Sometime in July, 1835, the mother died, and after that for a long time the home was very sad and lonely. Alice said afterward, that after they built the new house there was nothing but sorrow and death for them, and how often they all wished they were back again in the little low brown house.

In 1837 Mr. Cary married again, but the new mother thought it was better for Phoebe and her sisters and brothers to work than to read and write,

so there was little time to make the charming rhymes that Phoebe and Alice had delighted so in dreaming about. But whenever Phoebe had time she would write down the thoughts that came thronging in her fertile little brain, and she and Alice would dream and talk about the days to come when they would sell these poems. In later years Phoebe was probably thinking of these trying days when she wrote the little poem that has been memorized by so many children since:

“If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it’s done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.”

By and by the father built another house, and he and his wife moved to it, leaving the three sisters and two brothers together. The elder sisters had married some time before. This again made their home life beautiful, and the little Phoebe and her sister, Alice, found much more time to study and to write poetry. But in all the years that came after they never forgot their love of the little brown house, the orchard, the nearby creek, and the scenery that surrounded their childhood home. By and by the sisters began sending out their poems to various publications and many were printed, so in May, 1849, they gathered together all the poems they had written to have them published in a book. In 1850 Phoebe and Alice went to New York on a visit and there met Horace Greeley, who was ever afterward their friend. Not long after their return to “Clover-nook,” as they called their home, Alice decided she

would have better opportunities to work in New York and went there to live. This left Phoebe and Elmina with the two brothers. But the sisters missed one another so much they went to New York to live, too.

There was nothing in the lives of Phoebe and Alice Cary that they treasured more than their beautiful home life, so the three decided they must have a home even if it was humble. So they rented small rooms and cleaned and papered them themselves, and later on as they made more money they changed several times. By and by they bought a pretty house on Twentieth Street, which soon became the gathering place of some of the most distinguished people of the time. Among these were Bayard Taylor, Richard and Elizabeth Stoddard, Thomas B. Aldrich, Robert Chambers, Mary E. Dodge, Phineas S. Barnum, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Henry Ward Beecher and many other noted persons.

It is impossible to think of Phoebe and Alice Cary apart, so deeply were their lives interwoven, yet they were entirely different in appearance and had very few resemblances in character. Phoebe looked like a Spanish lady, slightly below ordinary height, with merry black eyes. She talked very rapidly, but well. Phoebe was always deeply devotional, and was ever ready to champion the cause of temperance, and no woman ever lived who loved justice more. True to her Spanish appearance, this gifted singer, though very modest, was fond of decoration and bright colors, and being a good sewer she liked to fashion for herself many dainty, gorgeous colored

frocks. Unlike Alice, Phoebe was fond of admiration, but it never made her vain. So devotedly did these two sisters, who had lived so many years together, love each other, that when in 1867, Phoebe had an offer of marriage from the only man she ever loved, she refused him that she might stay with her sister.

Although Phoebe had the most vigorous health, she had learned to lean always on Alice, and there was nothing she dreaded more than responsibility. At one time she was chosen assistant editor of the *Revolution*, and her sister desired her to keep this position very much, but it was so distasteful to Phoebe that she resigned in a few months. From her great faith in the visible and invisible good of everything Phoebe wrote her song, by which she is best known, "Nearer Home." No one can read the words and not be touched by the simple faith of this country-hearted girl, who with her sister, through all the years they lived in the busy city, still kept many of their country habits.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
' I am nearer home today
Than I ever have been before."

Phoebe Cary's parodies are unsurpassed, and are full of the sparkling wit and cleverness with which she was ever overflowing. She probably cared most for her poem "Women's Conclusions," out of the many that she wrote, for she was a true believer in the equal rights for women. But she will always be best known for her religious poems, which so deeply

impressed others and gave them renewed faith and courage. *Resurgam*," her last poem, is filled with a vibration of grief, yet, like the last stanza of "Nearer Home," is full of a throbbing plea for more faith.

During the time that Phoebe lived in New York she helped edit several books, and among her own books appeared "Poems and Parodies" and "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love." Phoebe was never such a tireless worker as was Alice, and neither did she ever know the sorrows and grief that the elder sister knew. Little by little the fragile constitution of Alice weakened. Even before the older sister died on the thirteenth of February, 1871, Phoebe had symptoms of the dreaded family disease that had taken so many of the Carys. But during all the long months of Alice's illness Phoebe waited on her, and after she was gone she tried to go on bravely as she felt Alice would love to have her do. It was all in vain, for neither sister could have lived long without the other, so closely had their lives become united, and on the thirty-first of July, 1871, Phoebe joined her sister.

Phoebe died at Newport, having been taken there from her New York home, in the hope that the sea air would help her, and her body was brought back to the pretty house on Twentieth Street, and laid in Greenwood Cemetery beside Alice and Elmina. Phoebe's last words, "O, God, have mercy on my soul," were characteristic of her whole life, for there never lived a child, who grew into womanhood, who desired more to do what was right.



CLEOPATRA

IF the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed." So said Blaise Pascal, and few women have had so great and powerful a part in the history of the ancient world. Cleopatra was one of the most celebrated, as well as one of the most beautiful rulers of the world and her magic power was almost invincible. She had a charm that infatuated almost every man who saw her and gave her strength which she otherwise would not have had.

Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, one of the most dissolute and dissipated of all ancient rulers. She was born in 69 or 70 B. C. in Alexandria, one of the most splendid and lawless cities of the time, and the glamorous environment had a strong influence on the little child.

As Cleopatra grew older she became more willful and thoughtless even while she acquired greater beauty and attraction. All the wildness and unrestraint of court life was taken advantage of by the child and these surroundings made a strong impression on Cleopatra.

From her babyhood days Cleopatra was made to understand that she was born to rule, to patronize people and to try and get everything that she wanted. All of her early teachings were a foundation on which the young girl's later life was built. There were no cozy days at home for the girl, no family life, no good advice, nothing that would help to strengthen and purify her character. Her education was neglected, and nothing useful was taught to the gay young maid. There seemed to be no need for her to learn anything but to allure, for was she not destined to rule a great part of the earth? In later years when she was known as the "Serpent of the Nile," Cleopatra often thought of these days of training when she would have much rather been a carefree, innocent girl enjoying the pleasures of the common people.

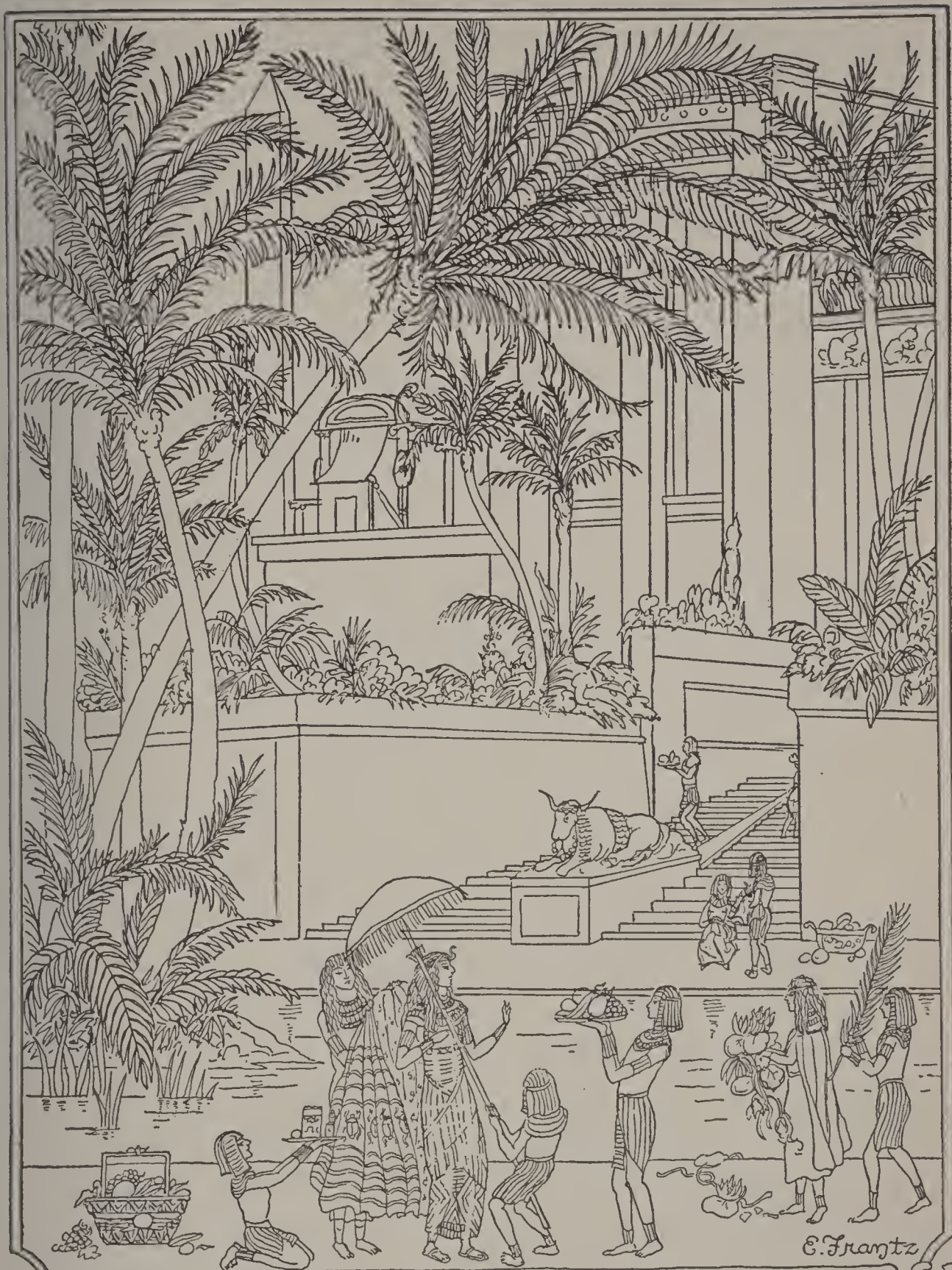
When she was only fifteen years old Cleopatra became deeply attached to Mark Antony, a commander of the Roman army stationed at Alexandria, and it is upon the incidents of this friendship that Shakespeare wrote the play "Antony and Cleopatra." When the handsome young commander was sent away Cleopatra was very lonesome and sought for other entertainment. During all the events that followed, until Cleopatra met Antony again and

despite many other infatuations, she never forgot him and it is probable if she could have had the wish of her heart many of the incidents which occurred would never have happened.

Ptolemy Auletes died when Cleopatra was seventeen years old and she and her brother, whose name was also Ptolemy, became joint rulers of the kingdom. According to an ancient Egyptian custom Cleopatra was married to her twelve-year-old brother, which was a grievous bondage to the impetuous young girl, killing all of her romantic dreams. No queen ever lived who was fonder of admiration than was Cleopatra, and this seemed to put a stop to her admirers.

Soon some of Ptolemy's advisers overthrew Cleopatra's power and drove her from the throne. Cleopatra went to Syria where she tried to collect an army, but was unsuccessful. However she met Julius Caesar, who at once became infatuated with her and offered to aid her with his strong armies. Ptolemy was soon dethroned and killed.

Cleopatra's second brother, also named Ptolemy and only eleven years old, was placed on the throne with her, but on Caesar's return Cleopatra accompanied him to Rome and lived with him till his death. Upon her return to Egypt she had her brother killed that her son, Caesarion, might be the heir. Cleopatra assisted the triumvirs in the civil war at Rome and after the battle of Philippi she sailed to join Mark Antony at Tarsus. So overjoyed was the queen to meet her old lover that the meeting was celebrated with great festivals and she accompanied him



The Young Cleopatra

to Tyre, and Antony later followed her to Egypt.

After the conquest of Armenia Antony returned and made four of Cleopatra's sons kings. At the commencement of the war between Augustus and Antony the latter lost a whole year attending festivals and amusements with Cleopatra at Epheus, Samos and Athens. When fleets met at Actium Cleopatra thought she was to be conquered and took flight with all of her ships. Antony in fright, followed.

When Antony reached Egypt he was told that Cleopatra had committed suicide, and thinking that the beautiful woman had betrayed him for Octavius Caesar Antony fell on his sword. Full of remorse and repentance for her lawless ways Cleopatra nursed Antony carefully, but despite this devotion he died.

True to her character upon Antony's death Cleopatra tried to make Octavius fall in love with her but was unsuccessful. In despair she ended her life in A. D. 30.





FANNY CROSBY

NO woman has been loved more than has Fanny Crosby, nor is any other writer of hymns so well known. A church service is scarcely complete without one of her songs. In the simple, sacred trust for her Savior, with which her hymns are filled, her memory will live forever. With the exception of Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts, she wrote more song-poems than any other person, and composed over nine thousand hymns, using two hundred different pen names.

Frances Jane Crosby was born in South East, New York, on March the twenty-fourth, 1820. She was a bright, active child, full of contentment and happiness, her genial nature and charming manner attracting everyone. Although poor, her parents were well educated, and religious, and they taught

their small daughter to reverence all things beautiful, and to be kind to all living things. She was given animals for pets, and taught to take care of them.

When she was only six years old, Fanny, as she was familiarly called by everyone, had severe trouble with her eyes, and one day they were greatly inflamed. A hot poultice was made and put on them, with the hope that it would relieve the pain; instead, the lustrous light in the eyes was put out forever. Her parents did everything that was possible to restore her sight, and she was taken to the best eye specialists, but nothing could be done for her. Not for a moment, though, did the bright, hopeful, childish faith change, and Fanny still continued playing and laughing with other children. When she was only eight years old, she wrote her first poem on her blindness. In this she mentioned, that though she was blind, she was determined to be happy.

At the age of fifteen she entered the Institution for the Blind in New York, and the teachers were greatly impressed by her wonderful talent for composing. On many occasions she was chosen to address distinguished audiences. These speeches she always made in verse form, and all were of her own composition. Her pleasant personality and charming speeches made her a great favorite. While in the school she met many famous persons, among them being Horace Greeley, Henry Clay, and William Cullen Bryant.

Fanny was the most intelligent pupil in the school, graduating in 1842. Two years later her first book

of poems entitled "A Blind Girl and Other Poems" was published. In 1847 she reentered the school she had graduated from as a teacher of English grammar, rhetoric, and Roman and Greek history. In this position she was well loved, and as much a favorite as she had been when a pupil. For eleven years she was a faithful instructor, during which time she also continued writing poetry. In 1853 she began writing popular songs, continuing till 1858, but none are as well known as her hymns. In 1858 she married Alexander Van Alystine, a pupil in the school, but still continued writing under her maiden name. The year of her marriage "A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers," another book of poems, appeared. Her first Sunday School hymn was written in 1864, and after that nearly all she wrote was hymns.

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was her favorite hymn, and is probably the best known of all her songs. She completed the words of each poem in her mind before dictating them to anyone, carefully fitting the words together. Among Fanny Crosby's most familiar hymns are "Never Give Up," "Blessed Assurance," "Pass Me Not," "My Saviour First of All," and many more. Even the titles of her hymns are full of faith and optimism. The words of the chorus of "Close to Thee" typifies the faith and brightness of her whole life:

"Close to Thee, close to Thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour let me walk with Thee."

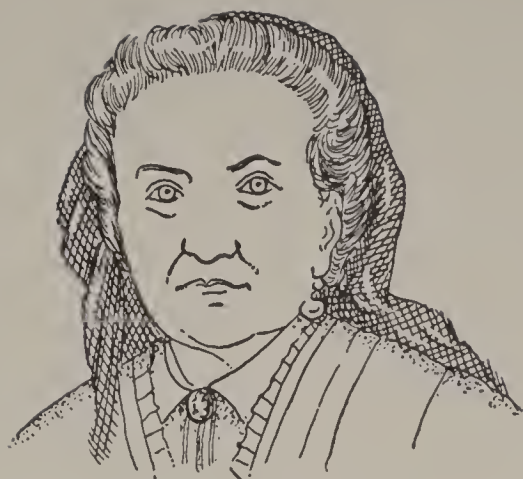
She composed songs till four days before her death. Her last poem, "Look Up, Lift Up," was written

for the Epworth League of the Christian Church of Shelton, Connecticut, and the last stanza seems to convey a prophecy of her last home going.

I hear the bells of Eden;
I catch their silver chime,
By cool and sparkling fountain,
Beyond the arch of time.
I know our Lord and Master
His own will safely bring,
With millions, countless millions,
His worthy praise to sing.

With faith and zeal still burning brightly in her soul, and a pleasant smile upon her peaceful face, Fanny Crosby died February the twelfth, 1915.





Charlotte Cushman

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

ART is an absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with or slighted; she requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs." So said Charlotte Cushman, for many years the foremost actress on the American stage. Miss Cushman's every thought, act and effort in life were given to her art and she became one of the greatest tragic actresses who ever lived. To her goes the honor of being the first member belonging to the theatrical profession to have her name placed in the Hall of Fame, which act was done in 1915.

There was great rejoicing in the cozy little Cushman home in Boston one day in 1816 when a baby girl was born there. It took a long time for the fond parents to decide what they would call the new child and at last they concluded that it should be

Charlotte Saunders. But they as well as everyone else agreed that even such a fine name was not half good enough for the little girl. Charlotte grew fast and her happiness grew with her, for even as a baby she was generous and gay-hearted.

Little Charlotte was a very apt pupil and when she could scarcely more than toddle she knew how to do things that other girls in their teens had yet to learn to do. It was about this time, too, that the little girl discovered she had a voice, a fine contralto, other people said, and she enjoyed nothing more than singing. No matter where she was her mother could always hear that happy little voice singing snatches of song, pausing now and then to rest, then starting again with renewed strength and sweetness. Because of her sweet voice and genial manners Charlotte was a great favorite with her playmates, as well as with their fathers and mothers.

During the days of Charlotte's early girlhood the Cushmans were in comfortable circumstances. There was not the least worry about the young girl's future, and no one thought that she would ever be compelled to support herself. It was not long before disaster came and swept away all of the Cushman's snug little fortune, so that each member of the little family had to help where he could.

By this time Charlotte knew that she had a promising voice, and her friends believed that with training she might have something of a career, so she was given a chance. After some study Charlotte began to give singing lessons and also sang in a choir, at concerts and in opera.

Charlotte delighted to sing and it was a real joy to hear her. She worked hard and diligently, giving all of her time and strength to her art, even as in later years she did to her other career. But misfortune was not through with Charlotte and one night when she was singing in the opera at New Orleans her voice failed her. The young girl knew she had strained it and feared to think of what would happen to her and her family.

Charlotte was so discouraged and disheartened she scarcely knew what to do. In despair she told her troubles to the manager of the theater. After giving her a bit of sympathy he said, "You ought to be an actress, not a singer." It is perhaps to this man's suggestion and help that the world owes Charlotte's career. The manager suggested that if she would study the dramatic parts of a few of the plays he would get the tragedian of the theater to listen to her.

Charlotte studied these parts hard and was gladly given a trial, and the manager was so surprised and delighted with her acting that he immediately asked her to try playing Lady Macbeth. Experienced actresses state this is one of the most difficult and exacting of roles to play, but Charlotte knew nothing about actresses' trials at the time and accepted gladly. Confident, radiant, full of emotion, Charlotte made a great success in the play, and turned from an operatic to a dramatic career. Lady Macbeth was always one of Miss Cushman's greatest roles, even in her last years, but she never played it more feelingly than she did that first night.

Charlotte now returned to New York where she was engaged for three years by the manager of the Bowery Theater, and continued with the same hard work. Never was a young girl more determined to succeed in a career than was Charlotte and her fondest dream was to get her family reunited. She was so homesick that she finally decided to send for her mother and other members of the family to come to live in New York and enjoy her success.

It was a happy day when most of the Cushmans were together and Charlotte looking at their bright faces was more determined than ever to succeed. How she yearned to give her loved ones a comfortable home and the things they needed and wanted so much. But once again the grim fate that had visited her before came and took Charlotte in hand, visiting her with a severe illness which made it necessary to cut her New York engagement to one week.

One week instead of three years seemed almost the height of tragedy to the young girl, but as if that was not enough the theater burned, making the manager a bankrupt, and destroying all of Charlotte's costumes. Charlotte had been in debt on them and now she also had her family to support, and she herself ill. Her case seemed hopeless and even Charlotte lost her happy smile for a time.

But even this grim crisis was lived through. When Charlotte recovered from the illness an opportunity to play minor parts in the Park Theater was offered to her, and there she stayed for three years, very grateful that she had work to do and could do it. She worked as hard as she could to master all the

details of the stage and was more determined than ever to succeed. Her earnestness, as well as the quality of her work, began to win attention, for Charlotte was a true actress.

When John Braham produced the dramatization of Scott's "Guy Mannering," Charlotte's chance came. She was an understudy, as Meg Merrilies. Charlotte had only an hour or two to study the part but the young girl put such force and power into the part that the star was eclipsed and she was the heroine of the evening. After that Charlotte played this part hundreds of times, always effectively and vividly.

In 1843, Macready, the great English tragedian, came to visit the United States and after seeing Charlotte act he spoke of her with great praise. After that the young woman's acting position was securely fixed and her popularity grew rapidly. Although Charlotte occasionally played in high comedy from this time on she was best known as a tragedienne, and it is as such that the world remembers her.

Soon after Macready's visit Miss Cushman decided to go abroad and she visited London and Dublin, remaining abroad several years, and everywhere was a great success. The latter part of her life was spent in New York City. On her last appearance on the stage in November, 1874, in New York City, Miss Cushman was presented with a laurel crown, William Cullen Bryant acting as spokesman. Charlotte died in 1876.



VIRGINIA DARE

IT is hard to even imagine that there was once a time when there were no white girls and boys in this country, in fact no white people at all. It was in 1587 that Sir Walter Raleigh sent one hundred and fifty persons, including seventeen women, and John White as governor of the colony, to Roanoke Island, North Carolina. Among these colonists was a happy, active couple known as Ananias and Eleanor Dare. Ananias had been appointed one of the assistant governors.

Mrs. Dare was Governor White's daughter and he was glad to have her and her husband with him in the strange new country. Everybody went to work with eager happiness and soon some rough houses were finished, and by and by other rude buildings were constructed. The place where these

colonists made their home is now known as Mateo, North Carolina, but at that time was known as part of Virginia, having been so named by Sir Walter Raleigh in honor of the queen. Despite hard work and their strange surroundings the settlers were very happy in their new homes, and no one enjoyed the novelty of the new country more than did the Dares. "Who ever had a finer wedding journey?" Eleanor asked her husband, when he questioned her about liking her new home.

Then on the eighteenth of August of the same year that the colonists came, a baby daughter came to the Dares, and because the baby was born in Virginia, that Sunday morning when she was christened everyone agreed she should be named Virginia. There was great rejoicing over the baby girl. Even the Indians who lived around the settlement came to see Virginia, for the colonists had tried to make friends of these red men. From that time on Mrs. Dare was known as the *White Doe* to the Indians and little Virginia as the *White Fawn*. Even the gravest and most severe of the chiefs smiled at Virginia and held her with tender care. "Little White Papoose, little white Papoose," they repeated over and over, and we are assured that even though Virginia may not have had many playmates of her own color she never lacked for Indian friends.

Over and over again the Indians wondered how any creature could be so tiny and so fragile as Virginia was. In all their travels through the great wilderness of this country they had never seen anything which aroused their curiosity more, and they

tried offering all kinds of prized possessions to Virginia's father and mother for her.

When Virginia was but ten days old, and still the most interesting person in the settlement, Governor White returned with the ships to England for supplies for the colonists. He was accompanied by Manteo, a great chief, who was going along to invite other English people to come over to this country and settle in his domain.

They all took a tender farewell of the Dares, especially of little Virginia, who, cooing softly, seemed to bid them farewell. That was the last ever seen of these early colonists by white men, for when Governor White and other Englishmen returned in 1590 not a trace could be found of any of these people.

It is generally supposed that the colonists became victims of the Indians, who, though friendly at the start, may have been provoked by something which caused them to kill the white people. However, one authority states that there is cause to believe that the settlers, finding that they could not struggle on alone, joined the Indians. Strachy states that from this time on the colonists, including the Dares with their blue-eyed, fair-haired daughter, stayed with the Indians until about the time that Jamestown was settled. This has led to the belief by some that the famous Pocahontas who saved John Smith's life was none other than Virginia Dare. Strachy explains that the coming of more white men annoyed and angered the Indians and caused Powhatan much worry, and at last at the instigation of this chief all but seven of the first colonists were massacred.

It would be very interesting if the fate of Virginia Dare and her companions could be known, but the exact truth of their disappearance will never be known. However, the marble monument, a supposed likeness of the fair Virginia, which has been brought to her birthplace nearly three and a half centuries after her mysterious disappearance, holds almost as much romance about it as has been woven around the fair little maiden in whose honor it was erected.

The so-called likeness of Virginia was carved out of marble in Rome by Miss Louise Lander, from the inspiration of Mrs. R. R. Cotton's poem, "The White Doe," written in 1860. Miss Lander took great care in carving the statue and tried to put the throbbing, happy spirit of youth into its face and body. Probably nothing that the young sculptress did was done with more inspiration and care than this statue. Unfortunately on the way to America the ship carrying the precious statue was shipwrecked along the Spanish coast.

For two years or more, the carefully carved statue lay in the mysterious dark depths of the ocean, defying any searcher to find it, but at last the vessel was raised and the statue was found intact and taken to New York. Here in the large city, away from the wilderness which was probably Virginia's only home, the statue almost met with a greater misfortune, for while on display there it was threatened by fire. However, it was saved. Then, through the will of Miss Lander, who had died in the meantime, the statue was bequeathed to the Hall of History of North Carolina, where it was finally taken.

Considerable interest was stirred up throughout the country when in the early part of 1924 a little leaden plate, about the size of an automobile license tag, bearing these words was unearthed in Washington:

Virginia Dare
Died here
Captif Powhatam
1590 Charles R.





MADAM DE STAËL

ALTHOUGH at one time Madam de Staël was one of the most famous women living, her name today is not widely known, though some of her brilliant books are still read, and will probably live forever.

Little Anne Louise Germaine Necker, which was Madam de Staël's maiden name, was born sometime in 1766, and being the only daughter in the family was gladly greeted. Her father, Jacques Necker, was a very intelligent and influential man and in 1785 was appointed to the office of director-general of finances under Louis XVI.

The mother, a Swiss woman, possessed much native grace and sweetness and was an unusual beauty. She was well educated and witty and taught young ladies many of the graces of the times as well

as their studies. It was no wonder that Mrs. Necker determined that her small daughter's education should be perfect, and even while she was still a very small baby she was introduced to the circle of brilliant people who constantly gathered about the Neckers.

Germaine, as the little girl was called, was naturally very bright and clever, and in after years when she became such a well-known playwright and philosopher it was said of her that she possessed "every gift which fortune could lavish on a woman save a pretty face." The little girl preferred studying and looking in books to playing with other children, and was encouraged in this by her mother. How Mrs. Necker did dream and plan for the future of her little daughter. Over and over she would say, "There shall never be a more remarkable woman."

When Germaine was eleven years old one of her playmates said of her, "She spoke with a warmth and facility which was already eloquent and which made a great impression on me." Even at this time the little girl wrote a great deal, and there was no subject on which she could not converse ably, including politics. Germaine was not at all timid with her writings and many of them were read in public and always highly applauded; and when they were not the child was always in "a temper." So from her earliest years she grew to depend on praise and flattery, and in later years these became as necessary to her as food to keep her body alive.

So hard did Germaine work with her books that when she was fourteen years old her health became

impaired. She was ordered to go to the country and give up her writing and studies for a time. At this her mother was deeply disappointed, for she had been doing all in her power to make of her daughter the most brilliant and most clever woman living. When her plans were thus spoiled she lost all interest in Germaine's talents. The careless disinterest of her mother hurt the sensitive young girl deeply and drove her to her father for understanding. In later life Germaine often referred to her affection for her father, and through all his life he took great pride in his daughter's talents and confidences.

Undaunted by her ill health Germaine was soon writing little plays and tales, which were greeted with overwhelming applause by her listeners. When she was fifteen years old she had a pamphlet on politics published. This essay was written in defense of an act of her father's, and was well received. It was about this time that the Neckers went to Coppet, an estate on Lake Geneva, to live. The country surrounding her new home was very beautiful but at that time Germaine paid little attention to scenery.

When Germaine was twenty-two years old she was married to Baron de Staël-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador, who was a great deal older than she was. The marriage was one of convenience, for Germaine was full of romance and dreamed of courtly knights and castles, so that she was far from happy with her new husband.

In 1786 one of Germaine's books, "Sophia," a

comedy, was published, and two tragedies, "Montmorency" and "Lady Jane Grey." Two years later her "Letters on the Writings and Character of J. J. Rousseau" appeared, and she became widely known for her wit and intelligence. With the fall of Robespierre, Madam de Staël, as she was now called, returned to Paris, and with her coming a new epoch in society dawned.

Few women have ever been such social successes as was this clever, talented woman, and Paris was to her an ideal city. Socially she seemed to starve away from its gay life, and because the people followed where she led she felt this admiration necessary to her life. It was not long till she became the center of one of the most brilliant circles in France, and in her home could be found all the most distinguished foreigners and eminent men of the country.

There was nothing Madam de Staël liked to do better than discuss questions that other women would seldom think about, and in turn she wanted to be appreciated. She seldom asked a question, for she was so well versed on all current topics she could scarcely be told anything new. Her influence at that time was powerful and as all of France was in an excitable condition she began to cause consternation and was denounced at the convention and attacked by the newspapers.

For this Madam de Staël cared very little, just as long as she could reign in the hearts of the gay people and win their admiration. But the stern Bonaparte, home from the conquest of Italy, was not con-

quered by the brilliant woman and even while Madam de Staël admired the great general her admiration turned to fear.

Napoleon, fearing what consequence the liberal expression of her views would have on the people of France, had Madam de Staël banished from Paris and her works were refused circulation. Some time later Napoleon visited the Neckers in Switzerland and Madam de Staël's father obtained the great man's consent to his daughter's visiting Paris again. Away from the city the talented woman was never happy or contented. At this time her work on literature was published and it reestablished her popularity, although she was still on bad terms with Napoleon.

Although her early attempts at novel writing were not successful Madam de Staël still kept on trying, and "Delphine," "Reflections on the Trial of the Queen" and "Reflections on the Place" appeared, all deeply censored by the French critics. At about this time her husband died, and while Madam de Staël was traveling through Germany her father died. After her travels she wrote a book about Germany, of which Napoleon had 10,000 copies destroyed. She also wrote a book entitled "Ten Years of Exile" and in 1807 appeared "Corinne," a novel of Italian life.

Madam de Staël now ventured to visit her beloved Paris, but again she was so influential that Napoleon fearing her caused her banishment from Paris and forbade her to come within forty leagues of it. Being of an impetuous nature Madam de Staël suffered greatly from this attack and longed bitterly

for Paris. In 1810 she married M. de Rocca, a French officer, but continued writing under the name of Madam de Staël. Once again the woman was severely censured for her marriage, as she had been when she married de Staël.

Fearing imprisonment Madam de Staël resolved to escape Napoleon's dreaded power so she departed for England, passing through Germany. In that country she was greatly honored by the emperor, and in the eight months she spent at Stockholm she made many admiring friends. She received a very cordial reception in England and was a great social lioness, being sought after by all the more intelligent people for her genius.

With the overthrow of Napoleon Madam de Staël was free to again visit her beloved Paris, but she first returned to Coppet, where she renewed her acquaintance with Lord Byron. During these last years she wrote her greatest book, "Consideration of the French Revolution," which was not published till after her death. She died in Paris sometime in July, 1817.



Mary Baker Eddy

MARY BAKER EDDY

OF a deep religious experience which was the foundation upon which she built the church she founded, Mary Baker Eddy has written: "Saint Paul writes: 'For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' This knowledge came to me in an hour of great need; and I give it to you as a death-bed testimony to the day-star that dawned on the night of material sense. This knowledge is practical, for it wrought my immediate recovery from an injury caused by an accident, and pronounced fatal by the physicians. On the third day thereafter, I called for my Bible, and opened it at Matthew IX, 2. As I read, the healing Truth dawned upon my sense; and the result was that I rose, dressed myself, and ever after was in better health than I had before enjoyed. That short

experience included a glimpse of the great fact that I have since tried to make plain to others, namely Life in and of the Spirit; this life being the sole reality of existence."

Mary Baker was born in Bow, New Hampshire, in 1821, and from her very babyhood lived in a deeply religious atmosphere. She was a merry child, although very reserved and even before she started to school was a deep thinker. She was educated in the public schools in New Hampshire and attended the academy at Sanbornton for a while. In between times there were private teachers for the little girl, and many of them had a deep religious influence upon her impressionable character.

Though of such a deep religious nature, Mary was much like other children and liked to play and romp about as much as any of her playmates. At any early age she was admitted to membership in the Congregational Church and from that time was an ardent Christian, though she could not subscribe to all its doctrines and was often puzzled about them. She remained a member of this sect until she founded her own church.

In 1843 Mary was married to George W. Glover and they went to Charleston, South Carolina, to live. The southern life was a great contrast to the life the young woman had lived in New England. The first great grief in Mary's life came with the death of her husband about a year after her marriage, and shortly after his funeral his wife liberated all of their slaves. This left Mary almost penniless and she returned to her parents' home, where her son,

George, was born. Her life at this time was very hard and she experienced many difficulties before the realization of her later achievements.

Mary had always been a devout student of the Bible and while suffering from a severe accident in 1866, she turned to it more than ever for comfort. It was during these days that she wrote the message given above, which as she proclaimed, brought about her own healing. After deep study of the Bible, she wrote "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," which is the textbook used by Christian Scientists. Her religion was based upon the scriptural text concerning a man that "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

This book was followed by other writings, among the most important of her books being, "Miscellaneous Writings" and "The Unity of Good." She founded the periodicals devoted to this religion, also *The Christian Science Monitor*, an international daily newspaper.

In 1877 Mrs. Glover married Dr. Asa G. Eddy, who had been associated with her in the Christian Science work. Two years later she founded the Church of Christ, Scientist, which later was changed to The First Church of Christ, Scientist. Mrs. Eddy was pastor of the church for many years, and after her resignation lived quietly for years in Concord, New Hampshire.

In 1881 Mrs. Eddy opened in Boston the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, which was the only institution of its kind having a charter from the Commonwealth. In 1908 Mrs. Eddy went to Chest-

nut Hill, a suburb of Boston, to live, where she was surrounded by loyal followers, and she remained active and interested in her church work until she died on the third of December, 1910.





GEORGE ELIOT

OF all the women writers who have helped and are still helping to place our English novels at the head of the world's fiction, she holds at present unquestionably the highest rank." So wrote Long about George Eliot, the first woman to gain fame as a novelist. Together with her contemporaries of the Victorian Age, Dickens and Thackeray, she has gained an assured place among the novelists who have helped to place English fiction among the foremost in the world's literature.

There was great happiness in the Evans' household when George Eliot was born on the twenty-second of November, 1819. The little baby with the large hungry eyes was christened Marian or Mary Ann, which gave place to the name of George Eliot when she started writing because she thought it

would be easier to succeed if she were known as a man.

There were two children already in the family, a little girl called Christiana, and a lively, happy boy named Isaac, who is the Tom Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," and who became the little Marian's inseparable companion. At the time of Marian's birth the family lived at South Farm, Colton Parish in Warwickshire. But when she was four months old they removed to Griff, a small country town in the heart of England, just twenty miles from Stratford and the softly flowing Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare.

Marian's father was a plain, honest farmer, who began life like Adam Bede in one of George Eliot's later books, and her mother was a vigorous and punctual housekeeper who liked to see everyone around her busy. Her father was an agent for Francis Newdigate and the family lived on the estate for the first twenty-one years of Marian's life. It was from these surroundings that George Eliot described and portrayed some of the most interesting descriptions, scenery, characters, and incidents she used in her novels.

Marian was always a plain little country lass, affectionate and sensitive, ready to do everything that her brother did. From the very first the father called his daughter the "little wench" and taught her to do all kinds of cunning tricks, among them patting her hands together to make pats of butter. To her dying day one hand was larger than the other because of actually having to make so many

pounds of butter. Marian was never a rugged child or woman and she loved quiet and solitude, and all her life she hungered deeply to be loved and sympathized with, and because her brother gave her these in a greater measure than anyone else she revered and worshiped him. No brother and sister ever lived who were fonder of each other than Isaac and Marian Evans.

The little girl was also passionately fond of music and when she was only four years old she would seat herself at the piano and run her fingers over the keys. When she was only five years old Marian and Christiana were sent to boarding school where they remained for three or four years, and when she was eight years old Marian was sent to school at Nuneaton, where Miss Lewis, one of the teachers, became her life long friend. Mrs. Wallingford was another excellent teacher to whom George Eliot owed much of her love of poetry.

The young, ambitious girl with the soft, pale brown hair, powerful rugged features, large mouth, gray-blue eyes constantly varying in color and feeling, the low voice, and charming nature made a great impression with the pupils at Coventry, where Marian next went to school. Here she surpassed any of her schoolmates in her studies and studied French, German, and Italian. She even acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and also became quite a good musician, playing the organ in a neighboring church, and later becoming quite a skilled pianist. In after years when Marian made the acquaintance of Emerson and he asked her "What one book do you like best?"

she replied much to his astonishment "Rousseau's Confessions," for even in the days of her girlhood Marian was laying the foundation on which her gifted talent was to be based.

In 1836 Mrs. Evans died and Marian was compelled to stop school, and when the following spring Christiana was married it fell upon Marian to take up the household duties. Even though much of her time had to be put into doing routine tasks for which she had no great love or skill Marian's love for books increased and she found time to do considerable reading.

When Marian was twenty-one years old she and her father went to the manufacturing town of Coventry to live, where the young woman soon found a new circle of friends who proved to be radical free-thinkers in religion, and under their influence she soon put aside the ideas she had formed.

This was the beginning of a fierce spiritual struggle in Marian's heart, in which she was convinced that duty was the supreme law of life, which she expresses in some way or another in all her novels. During the years which followed she began her first literary work, a translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and for this work, which covered a period of three years, she received twenty pounds.

Just as Marian was getting reconciled to the loss of her mother and the marriage of her sister her father died on the thirty-first of May, 1849, and she went abroad with the Brays, old friends, traveling through the Continent and remaining some time in Geneva to study. On her return to England she

boarded with Doctor Chapman, the editor of *The Westminster Review*, and assisted him several years in the editorship of this magazine, although all of her articles were contributed anonymously. This really marked the first beginning of her talented writing career.

It was during this time that George Eliot met many of the most famous living people, including Carlyle, George Henry Lewes, Herbert Spenser and others. Through the encouragement of Lewes, whom George Eliot had married, she was induced to send her first story, "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton," to *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1857, and the editor perceiving its merit requested more. This story and several others were published the following year under the title of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Encouraged by the success of these short stories George Eliot began her first novel, "Adam Bede," which was hailed by Blackwood with delight, and was published in book form in January, 1859, while the author was in Germany. Its wonderful power was at once recognized and it was greeted with enthusiasm. In 1860 appeared "The Mill on the Floss," most of the scenes of which were taken from the author's and her brother's own lives, and in which George Eliot reaches the heights of beautiful and tender expression. At first the volume was called "Sister Maggie," but it was decided that this was not a very distinctive title and so was discarded.

"Silas Marner" appeared in 1861, and by many it is considered her most perfectly constructed book, as

well as her best one. "Romola," her only historical novel with an Italian background, appeared in 1862-63, and three years later came "Felix Holt," followed by "Middlemarch" in 1871-72 and "Daniel Deronda" her last novel in 1876. A little collection of essays entitled "The Impression of Theophrastus Such" was published a short time before her death.

George Henry Lewes died in 1878, which was a terrible shock to his wife, and was the end of her remarkable creative vitality. However, two years later George Eliot married John Walter Cross, who had been a lifelong friend of Lewes, and who later became her biographer. They took a wedding tour in Italy in the hope that it would restore her waning health, and for a time she seemed greatly improved. It was characteristic of this woman that she should say, "I am ready to sit down and weep at the impossibility of my understanding or barely knowing a fraction of the sum of objects that present themselves for our contemplation in books and in life."

The winter following the Cross' return to England was unusually severe and but six months after George Eliot's second marriage, and only two weeks after she had removed to their new home at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, she died and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.



ESTHER

AND the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins, so that he set his royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti."

In these words is Esther, the beautiful Jewish queen, introduced to the world in the pages of the Bible. *Esther*, the last of the historical books of the Old Testament, was written about 425 B. C. That Esther once lived is proved by the feast of Purim, still observed by the Jews, which commemorates the events narrated in this book of the Bible, and honors the saving of the nation from destruction by Esther.

It was Esther's remarkable beauty which caused Ahasuerus, king of the Medes and Persians, to choose her as his queen from all the fair women of

his empire. Ahasuerus, who is known in history as Xerxes, had a wife named Vashti, whose beauty is famous in history. One day when he ordered Vashti to come before him and show herself to the merrymakers, she refused to obey. This so angered the king that he sent her away and sent out an order that all the pretty maidens in his kingdom be brought to him.

Among the maidens brought to Shushan was Esther, whose ancestors had stayed in Babylon after the captivity of the Jews. The Bible says:

“And he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle’s daughter: for she had neither father or mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful; whom Mordecai, when her father and mother were dead, took for his own daughter.”

In those ancient days the man was the ruler of the family. Women had nothing to say and were not supposed to speak unless spoken to. The queen was not to enter the king’s presence unless summoned, being only a kind of upper servant. Yet because it was the custom of the times, all of the other girls gathered before Ahasuerus wished to be chosen instead of Esther. But Esther was chosen. Her foster father advised her not to tell the king that she was a Jewess and the daughter of Abihail; and having always been obedient Esther did not reveal her nationality.

Because of her charm and good nature Esther gained a powerful influence over the haughty king; and because of this was able to save her people from the awful massacre planned by Haman, the king’s chief minister.

Haman was a jealous, unprincipled man who became very angry at the Jews because Mordecai refused to salute him the way he thought he should. So Haman asked the king to help him plan a massacre against the Jews, and messengers were sent throughout all the kingdom that the people should prepare themselves to kill the Jews.

Mordecai heard of Haman's plots and had messages sent to Queen Esther. For the first time in her young and guileless life Esther realized the meanness that can live in peoples' hearts. She realized that the whole power of her husband was being used by Haman. Never before had she been courageous enough to appear before the king without being summoned, for by law Esther knew she could be put to death for such a breach of etiquette against the court manners of the Medes and Persians.

She knew, however, that the life of her people was now at stake, and without hesitating she attired herself in her most beautiful and gorgeous robes and begged for a meeting with the king. And of the meeting the Bible says:

"And it was so, when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight: and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So that Esther drew near and touched the top of the sceptre.

Then said the king unto her, What wilt thou, queen Esther? What is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom."

By the king's side stood Haman, smiling arrogantly and unmindful of the queen's loveliness and the

wistful pleas in her dark eyes. With flashing eyes and scornful lips Esther looked at him when the king had given her this permission to express her wish. With a bitter denunciation she asked the king to intercede against the murder of the Jews, to arm themselves against Haman's lust, and to drive this unscrupulous man from power.

Whether Ahasuerus was moved by Esther's pleas, or whether his sense of justice told him that the course he was about to follow was not right is not known. But Haman was hanged on the gallows which he himself had had prepared for the hanging of Mordecai. The king at once armed the Jews and repealed the orders sent out by Haman. Notwithstanding his haste in issuing these orders Haman's men killed several hundred Jews. Thus were most of the Jews in Persia saved from death by the courage and beauty of Esther, the simple, generous-hearted Jewish girl.





FANNY FERN

NOW and then a brilliant writer is born who writes lively, pleasing, but short-lived stories that are like some vapory mists which are beautiful while they last, but soon fade away. Such an author and creator was Fanny Fern, whose maiden name was Sara Willis. She wrote a good many books but they are listed in few libraries, and have been out of print for many years. No quotations or excerpts are ever made from her witty, sparkling books.

Sara Willis was born July, 9, 1811, in Portland, Maine. She came of a distinguished literary family. Her parents later removed to Boston, that city of noted literary folk. Her father, Nathaniel Willis, became editor of the *Recorder*, the oldest religious paper in the New England States. Afterward "Deacon Willis" as he was usually called, founded the

famous *Youth's Companion*, and was editor of it for many years. Sara's brother, Nathaniel, was a few years older than she, and probably his literary work is better known than that of his sister. "The Death of Absalom" being his best poem.

Sara was a vivacious little girl. She was the despair of the school teachers in Boston, yet they could not help loving the bright child with her pretty blue eyes, fluffy yellow hair, charming manners, and fascinating expressions. So full of action was the child that she was nearly always bubbling over with merriment, or shedding pathetic tears. After finishing her education in the schools in Boston, she went to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, which was conducted by Catherine Beecher, a sister of the famous Harriet Beecher Stowe. Here she was a merry, high-spirited girl, fond of dress and social life. She would much rather read and dream over poetry and romances than study. What a capacity she had for enjoying herself in her care-free girlhood! Some of her best work in later years was tales of her girlhood.

In 1857 she returned to Boston, soon marrying Charles Eldrige. Her marriage must have often proved irksome and prosaic. Her husband died nine years later, leaving her two small daughters. She was very fond of children, and was always deeply interested in Sunday school and mission work for their benefit. Her heart always softened to every neglected and lonely child she saw.

A short time after her husband's death she married Mr. Tarrington, who was nearly a stranger.

Because of her spirited temperament the marriage proved very unhappy, and she soon divorced him. Once more alone and dependent on her own resources to support herself and two small girls, the talented woman began writing under the pen name of *Fanny Fern*, by which she is better known than by any of her other four rightful names.

In 1854 she had become a widely popular writer among a certain class of readers through her association with the *New York Ledger*, on which she worked until her death. To this newspaper she contributed a weekly article a column in length, and for some of these sketches received a hundred dollars. She was a piquant, versatile writer, all of her work being strictly original and sparkling, but containing nothing that made it lasting.

Fanny Fern was a patriotic woman, and a great lover of her country. "Folly As It Flies," one of her books, is made up of short sketches about the Civil War.

In 1856 she married a third time, this time marrying James Patron, a great historian of the time, and an active and independent thinker.

Some of Fanny Fern's publications aroused much discussion and criticism. She wrote but two long stories, "Ruth Hall" and "Rose Clark." "Play Days" is a juvenile storybook. Several of her books are collections of sketches, namely, "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio," "Little Ferns" and "Fresh Ferns."

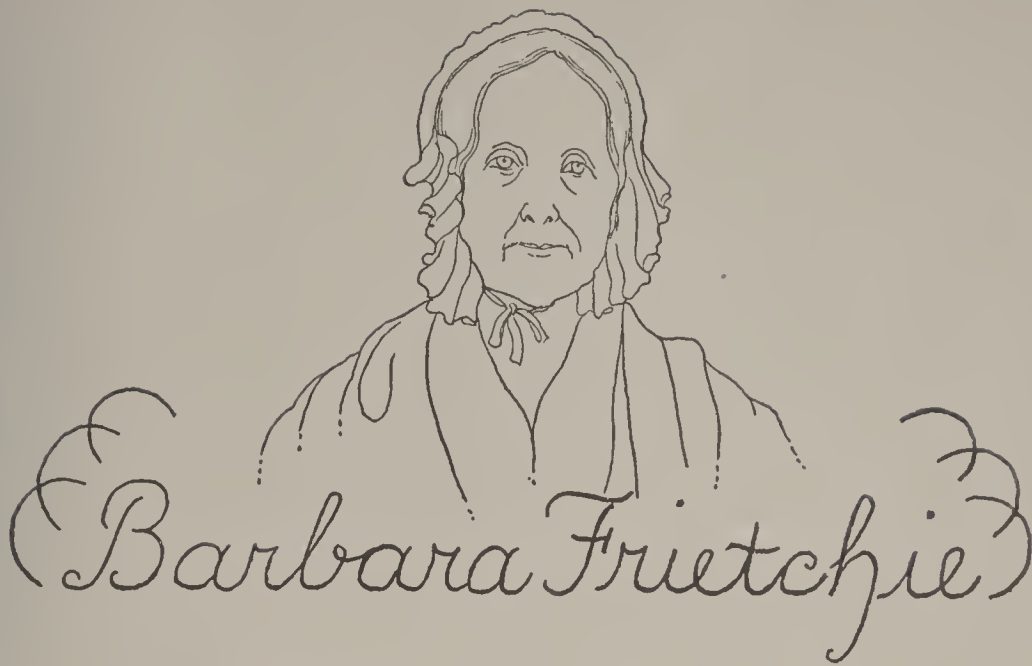
"Two In Heaven" was her finest and sweetest article, being written about her two children, who

died in infancy. Once someone remarked to her, interrogatively, "You have two children?"

"I have four," replied the beautiful woman, with a soft smile, "Two on earth; two in heaven."

This remarkable woman's life seems to have been a contradiction. She did many things that made her seem heartless, unprincipled and without ideals, yet within her heart there glowed love for everything. She died October 10, 1872. Her grave is neglected and unknown, and her name has been forgotten in the literary world, though at one time she was one of the most famous and brilliant of American women.





BARBARA FRIETCHIE

“Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.”

NEARLY everyone has heard or read Whittier’s spirited poem about patriotic Barbara Frietchie, but there are few who know anything about her life, and to many she seems only an imaginary heroine of war. There have been numberless legends and much controversy about this woman and some of the most pessimistic people went as far as to declare that Barbara Frietchie never existed. This wrangling started numerous debates and arguments and a diligent research was made to prove whether such a person ever lived or not. At last a letter was found that John Greenleaf Whittier had

written in which he mentioned he had seen and talked with relatives of Barbara Frietchie.

Barbara Hauer, as Mrs. Frietchie was called before her marriage, was born on the third of December, 1766, near Lancaster, Pa. She was born just about the time that some of the most important events in the history of our country began taking place, and her birthplace was rich in history and tradition. Barbara had four older sisters and a brother, who early began to tell the little sister of the stirring events about them.

Barbara was only a few years old when the Hauer family went to Frederick, Md., another town closely linked with some of the most important events of colonial times. Here the little girl and her sisters and her brother went to school, securing one of the best educations possible at that time, and later for a time Barbara went to school in Baltimore.

Barbara was a very bright, industrious girl and having a keen mind she observed everything that happened, and so she grew up with her country. Often she would pause to listen more attentively to the many discussions in which people were forever engaged in those days, and although she was very young, Barbara realized that these were strenuous days which called for strong men and women. The young girl often overheard remarks and discussions about the Boston Tea Party, the English taxes and other subjects of great interest during this time.

Even in the pretty little town of Frederick nestled so snugly among its historic hills, came the Revolutionary War with its bloodshed and its heartaches.

On the outskirts of the market square in the center of the town stood the old gray stone barracks in which prisoners were kept through the Revolutionary War, and which had a strange attraction for Barbara. From the prisoners Barbara learned many a pathetic and awful story of suffering and bravery and courage, and amidst all this the loyalty and courage in her own soul grew.

So the years passed and the eager young girl grew into an attractive woman, though she was always very tiny in stature. She was known far and wide for her loyal and generous nature. Everyone who met Barbara loved her just as she loved everyone. There was so much the brave little active woman could find to do in those days, for in this new country there was much to be done. There still stands the old stone tavern in Frederick where many of the greatest men of that time met to discuss questions of the day, and Barbara always found out in some way about these meetings. Franklin, Lafayette, and Jackson were among the men who came to the tavern, and when in 1791 Washington came it was Barbara who brought her beautiful china over to set the table.

When Barbara was about forty years old, but still light-hearted and active, though her hair was streaked with gray, she married John Caspar Frietchie, a buckskin glove maker. They went to live in a little high-gabled story and a half building on West Patrick Street, made of red bricks and trimmed in white, with the most slanting roof imaginable. It was a cozy house in which the two were

very happy until Mr. Frietchie's death in 1849. For a long time after Barbara's death the house remained standing and was visited by many tourists, but on account of the changing of the current of Carroll Creek near which it was built, it was torn down some years ago. A tablet on the bridge now marks the place where the house previously stood.

The Frietchies had no children, and after her husband's death Barbara lived alone in the queer little house, busy and happy and loyal as ever, though there was a rumor that she was much crosser than she had ever been before. Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, who won great fame as the hero of Santiago in our war with Spain, spent his boyhood in Frederick, and he said he often visited Mrs. Frietchie, as did the other children of the village. Barbara seemed very fond of these youngsters and always seemed glad of their visits, feeding them gingercake and other dainties that appealed to their appetites.

More years sped past and Barbara grew older and older and ever more loyal to her country and more courageous. When she was ninety-four years old the Civil War began and with its first outbreak Barbara hung a flag out of one of her front windows. "I can always keep that flying," she said, "though I cannot do much of anything else," and her eyes would grow dim with tears.

On every side there was dissension and bitterness and struggle and doubt, but whenever it was voiced to Barbara she would always smile bravely and say, "Never mind, we must conquer sometime."

Her words cheered the other villagers and Frederick being a Union town, the Stars and Stripes hung from nearly every window.

Then one day in September, 1862, the news came to Frederick that a great Confederate army under General Stonewall Jackson was marching toward the town. People grew afraid and in their fear one after another of the less ardent patriots took down the flags that had been proudly floating from their houses. The order was borne to the town that every Union flag was to be taken down and all the rest of the people sorrowfully took down their flags, except Barbara Frietchie.

With the intense loyal spirit that had made Barbara such a courageous patriot all of her life she caught up the staff of her flag and carried it to her front attic window and unfurled the flag out to the breeze just as the gray-clad soldiers came into West Patrick Street. Those neighbors who were not too frightened to notice, gasped in astonishment and tried to persuade her to lower the flag. By some it is said that the dear old lady did take the flag down and laid it in her Bible. However, the spirited poem of Whittier's describes the incident otherwise, and research has stated that this is probably the correct version.

As General Stonewall Jackson came up to the Frietchie house and saw the banner floating from the window, held there by Barbara "bowed with her fourscore years and ten," as Whittier has written, the man grew angry and ordered her to take it down. Of course, Barbara refused to take down the

flag she loved and honored so much and Jackson gave the word of command to his soldiers to fire. A deafening blast rose from the up-pointed guns tearing the flag into tatters, but grasping it harder

“She leaned far out on the window sill
And shook it forth with a loyal will,”

in the words of Whittier, and then Barbara cried:

“‘Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,’ she said.”

Could any general disregard such an appeal? So touched was General Jackson by her plea that he ordered his troops to move on, as Whittier wrote:

“A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came.

“‘Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!’ he said.”

So the troops marched on leaving Barbara alone again to raise her battered flag.

For three more months Barbara lived in her little home and then she died. She was buried in the Reform Church gardens in Frederick, but her body was later removed to beautiful Mount Olivet Cemetery, where a large granite monument marks her grave. On the front of the stone is a tablet with Whittier’s beautiful words about her, engraved on it. At one corner of the lot is a flagstaff from which waves a flag. Thus is the memory of this brave woman perpetuated.

After the incident about the flag the story got into the newspapers and it is said that Mrs. South-

worth, the novelist, seeing it and being greatly impressed with the emotional part of it clipped it out and sent it to Whittier, the poet, saying she thought he might make use of it. Soon thereafter he wrote the famous ballad, which is probably the best known and most loved of all of Whittier's poems.





LUCY PAGE GASTON

AND I have been happy—so happy,” were among the last words ever spoken by Lucy Page Gaston, the noble woman who fought so hard against the use of cigarettes. Her life was a happy as well as a beautiful one, for it was like a peaceful benediction, and not for a single moment did she live for herself. All the years of her long, busy, unselfish life were given to others and to make the world better. In dying, Miss Gaston may have taken with her buried hopes and expressions of future faith and aspirations, but she also kept her optimistic spirit till the last.

Lucy was born in 1860, in one of the most stormy and unsettled times in our country, and her parents living in Delaware, Ohio, were in a rather dangerous region. But Lucy was endowed with a beautiful,

genial nature which made her later life such a happy and successful one, and even her baby face was usually wreathed in smiles. The little girl was never peevish, and for this reason her brother, Edward, became very fond of her. Lucy's gentle, winning ways made her a favorite among all the people who knew her.

As Lucy grew older she took a keen interest in everything that caught her fancy, and when she started to school knew much about many things the other children her age knew nothing about. By and by the Gastons removed from Ohio to Lincoln, Illinois, where Lucy received most of her education.

Lucy liked her new home and surroundings and found many things to interest her. As the years passed, her desire for more knowledge urged her to go to the State Normal School. Here the young girl met many interesting people and became deeply concerned over some of the foremost movements of the day.

Lucy had always been a quiet, studious person, preferring reading and thinking to social affairs. During the years in school Lucy saw the many bad effects students suffered from smoking cigarettes. It was probably during these years that almost unconsciously the foundation for her future life was laid. One day Lucy observed to a classmate that the students who were always seen smoking seemed to lack the ability and alertness of those who did not smoke.

The classmate, a less intelligent and charming girl than Lucy, laughed and replied, "Why don't you

try and make them quit and save all this brightness for the world?"

In the last hours of her life Lucy said, "There are statistics, figures and facts that show the relation of crime and degeneracy to the cigarette. I have been years in gathering them but they aren't co-ordinated or put together in the way necessary to make them effective."

All the early years of Lucy's womanhood were used in laying up strength and money so that some day she could give her time and life to the work she saw to be done. In all these years Lucy kept thinking of the real harm the cigarette was doing in the world. When she was thirty-nine years old Lucy began to devote her life to what most people tried to make her believe was a forlorn cause. But to the very last Lucy believed in her work and when she knew that death was coming, said, "Jesus did not wish me to finish first the little bit of work I have to do," and then with a bright smile she continued, saying that she wanted the world to know that the work would go on even after her death.

Poorly clothed and fairly starving Lucy went on with the work she thought was the most important in the world. Years later it was found that in those days she lived on milk and graham crackers. Not plenty of these, either, just five cents worth of milk and a handful of graham crackers. She always carried the crackers carefully in her handbag and gave them out meagerly to herself. For it cost money to carry on her work and she had to help her brother provide and keep a home for her mother.

After considerable effort and strife Lucy succeeded in starting an anti-cigarette league in Chicago, of which she was immediately chosen president. Her work brought her to the attention of Frances Willard, and Lucy soon became an active worker in the W. C. T. U.

When a little paper called the *Citizen* was started Lucy was given the position of editor. There followed a long fight in the Cook County courts on the validity of the Prohibition Law that made Lucy Gaston's name famous throughout the United States. From that time on she directed, frequently with personal danger, numerous raids against illegal saloons, gambling resorts and cigarette dealers in Chicago and elsewhere. So successful was she in many places that her work spread in this country and abroad. Another new paper called the *Boy* was started of which Miss Gaston was also made editor. She was the foremost figure of the time in reform work.

The terrible drain on Miss Gaston's strength made her health fail and finally she was forced to go to a sanitarium for an operation. She sank rapidly after that and in late August of 1924, she died.



HELEN OF TROY

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillier than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; she, turning on my face
The starlike sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

SO wrote Tennyson about Helen of Troy in his "A Dream of Fair Women." It is over twenty centuries ago that Helen lived and many artists and poets have honored her beauty since. She is supposed to have been the fairest woman of the ancient world, which seems to have been celebrated for its beautiful women, and ever since her name has

stood for all that is most beautiful. Among the most famous paintings of Helen is that of the French artist, Jacques Louis Davis, called "Helen and Paris."

The story of Helen is derived from an old Greek legend, and some there are who doubt if such a fair maiden ever lived. Nevertheless, we have heard about her all of our lives and probably will continue to do so. It is said that one day years and years ago when the world was still very, very young, three goddesses met in a green meadow to decide who was the most beautiful. These goddesses were Aphrodite, the goddess of love, Juno, the goddess of marriage and birth and the guardian of the national finances and the queen of heaven; and Minerva, goddess of all the arts and protector of warriors in battle.

Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy, had been asked to be judge of the contest. After much deliberation, for all three of the women were exceptionally beautiful, according to legend, Paris awarded the prize, a golden apple, to Aphrodite. Aphrodite promised to give him the fairest woman in the world for a wife if he chose her as the winner.

It is claimed that Aphrodite's morals and ideals were not of the highest and so she did not hesitate to tell Paris about Helen of Troy, the wife of King Menelaus. It was said that when but a child Helen, the daughter of Leda and Jupiter, was so beautiful that Theseus bore her away to be his bride, but she was brought back to her Spartan home. She grew more and more beautiful and in the form of a swan was courted by all the gods. When she was still a

young girl she had thirty ardent suitors and was told to proclaim which of them she desired for a husband.

Shyly Helen chose Menelaus, King of Sparta, from the group. Believing that the other young warriors would make great trouble Ulysses advised Helen to have her other suitors pledge by oath to respect her choice of a husband and to maintain it even at the cost of arms. Seeing there was nothing else to be gained, the twenty-nine disappointed Spartan chiefs gave their pledge, and well they might wonder as the poet Marlowe does in these words about Helen:

“Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Illium?”

Soon Paris came as a guest to Menelaus' home. The king and queen did not know on what errand he was bound and treated him kindly. It was not long till the whole court knew about the young prince's infatuation for the beautiful queen, and Paris pleaded with Helen to go back with him. Legends differ about this part of the story, for some claim Helen went with Paris willingly, and others say she was carried by force to Troy. As is stated in these lines:

“Then from her husband's stranger-sheltered home,
He tempted Helen o'er the ocean's foam.”

Forsaken, Menelaus was not the man to submit patiently to this wrong and remembering the pledge of the warriors, called upon them. They rallied at once and came forward to avenge the king, and for ten years they battered at the walls of Troy. The

story of the wooden horse, a god, in which the clever Ulysses hid Greek warriors and gained the entrance of the city, causing its fall, is well known.

At last the war, the most terrible conflict of ancient times, was ended, and it is said that Helen was still as young and beautiful as ever. Some historians claim that after the death of Paris, Helen married Deiphobus, his brother, and after that returned to Menelaus and Sparta, while others claim she went at once back to her husband.

However, with the fall of Troy, Helen returned to Menelaus and together they returned to Greece and spent many happy years together. It is said that because of her great beauty the king never blamed her for the loss of his fortune and other troubles.

Upon the death of King Menelaus, Helen was banished from the country and at Rhodes her life was destroyed by the queen of the island.





FELICIA D. HEMANS

IF not her name, at least some of the stirring poems of Felicia D. Hemans are familiar to nearly every boy and girl who has gone to school. It is without difficulty that many an older person can recall with what emphasis the teachers insisted that they should read "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Even a very young reader can partly feel the strength and beautiful force contained in the lines of this well known poem. But it is largely on "Casabianca" that Mrs. Hemans' fame rests. Few poems are more generally loved by the young as well as the old.

Perhaps it was really Mrs. Hemans' shorter poems which made her beloved in England as well as America. Many of her shorter poems have become standard English lyrics, and many appear in school read-

ers, among these being "The Treasures of the Deep," "The Better Land" and "The House of England."

Felicia Dorothea Brown was born on the twenty-fifth of September, 1793, in Liverpool, England, and from a quiet, shy baby grew into a dreamy, reserved, thoughtful child with a great love of nature and for reading. Long before Felicia started to school she was fond of browsing through books and trying to make out what the funny letters were all about.

From her earliest days Felicia laid the foundation of the beautiful life which in later years breathed and throbbed in her verse. As soon as little Felicia could write she started putting down the poems she had been making for a long time. These poems were not only an amusement to herself but also to her sister and playmates. They thought no one was so clever and bright as Felicia.

Talented, beautiful, genial, Felicia was a charming child and grew into a graceful, cultured woman with a strong influence. Few people ever have the honor of seeing any of their literary work in print by the time they are fourteen years old, but at that tender age Felicia had had published a book of verse called "Juvenile Poems." They found a ready welcome and from that time on the serious little girl was determined she would be a writer some day. "I just must write," she declared, when some of her friends wanted her to go on a picnic with them. There was no enjoyment that seemed to be strong enough to keep her from her poem-making. In 1812 another volume of her verse was published.

When Felicia was but nineteen years old she was

married to Captain Hemans, an Irish soldier who had served in Spain. The few years of Felicia's girlhood had been busy but charming ones, but now she found new cares which often crowded her writing almost out of her life.

Captain Hemans told his wife many a glowing story of adventure and excitement about his travels. His life was like a fairy book to the young girl who had never been far from home, and she listened to his narratives as one entranced. Her own life had been so secluded and she had seen so little of the world that now she hungrily stored away the bright bits unfolded to her, many of which she later used in her poems. But with the coming of five sons life made great demands of her and her husband. Leaving Liverpool they went for a time to live in Lancashire, then to North Wales and finally to Dublin.

Even though her life was such a busy one in these years Felicia found some time to write and in 1825 appeared "Forest Sanctuary," which was published in the second edition four years later. In this for the first time appeared "Casabianca." Although many of Mrs. Hemans's earlier poems were imitative she began now to assert her independence and to write poems of great beauty and pathos, which were meant to live. "Records of Women" appeared in 1828, and "Songs of the Affection" in 1830. Four years later appeared "Hymns of Childhood," "National Lyrics and Songs of Music" and "Scenes and Hymns of Life." During these years she also contributed to magazines and her fame grew. She also wrote three plays, and for one of them, "The

Vespers of Palermo," Sir Walter Scott wrote the epilogue, which was the beginning of a long friendship between the two talented authors.

A volume, "Poetical Remains" appeared after Mrs. Hemans' death, being a complete edition of her works with a memoir by her sister. This book was published in 1839.

After a short, beautiful, busy, useful life Mrs. Hemans died in her home in Dublin in 1835, leaving behind the poems which have given much pleasure and comfort to many people.





HERO

“His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail’d above;
His ear but rang with Hero’s song,
‘Ye waves, divide not lovers long.’”

SO wrote Lord Byron upon his return from attempting to swim the Hellespont as did Leander in an old mythological legend that has been told for many years. Many other poets have also celebrated the beauty of Hero and the bravery and love of Leander. Artists have painted numerous pictures of this faultless beauty, and one of the best liked pictures in the world’s galleries is “Hero’s Last Watch,” painted by Sir Frederick Leighton, an Englishman.

Nothing is known about the birth and childhood of Hero or her parents and other relatives, only we fancy she must have been a lovely and happy child.

Although she lived so many hundreds of years ago and was such an exceptional woman she probably played and scampered about in her childhood even as do the children of today. Hero was taught to obey and to observe good manners.

The little Greek girl grew into such a beautiful woman that her parents became alarmed, and her many charms so allured suitors that she was constantly besieged. The legend goes that her charms excited the wrath of Aphrodite, the goddess of love. Her parents were in despair, for it was terrible to have any of the gods offended with one.

At last, hoping to assuage the jealousy of the goddess, as well as to keep away suitors, Hero's parents decided to take their daughter to a temple, a high tower, on the banks of the Hellespont, the strait now known as the Dardanelles. The tower was in a lonely spot and the water dashed against its foot, sounding wild and ghostlike in a storm. But Hero seemed to like the wild solitude and cared tenderly for the doves which inhabited the tower and the swans which lived at its foot. The little maiden made many friends with the birds and they seemed to be very happy together. At last her parents were content, thinking they had shut their daughter away from all temptations.

One day, Leander, a beautiful and lithesome youth, living across the river from the temple, attended a festival in the temple and saw Hero. He fell in love with the beautiful girl and begged her to grant him permission to call on her. Hero remembered her parents' mandates, and though she tried

to keep her eyes from showing what was in her heart, they glowed with a beautiful light, even while she chided Leander for his ardor, telling him to go home.

However, Leander had seen the glow in Hero's eyes and at last pleaded with her to consent to let him come to see her in the lonely tower. To get to the temple, unobserved, Leander, the courageous youth of Abydos, had to swim the raging Hellespont, which had never been done before. Even the strongest and bravest Greek youths had feared to try swimming in that turbulent swift current.

But Leander was undaunted and every night he would walk slowly up and down the sand on the bank opposite the temple until he saw a flickering torch burning on the top of the tower, the signal agreed upon which Hero should place there when it was safe for her lover to come. Leander was very strong and light-hearted and for a time all went well. He crossed the river again and again and he and Hero were very happy in their stolen meetings, although now and then the girl's conscience troubled her gravely.

Days passed by until the storms of winter began to blow and then Hero had a dreadful fear. She dreaded the anger of the goddess Aphrodite, she feared that the waves would engulf Leander and drown him and she pleaded with him to cease his visits until calmer weather came. He laughed her fears away and assured her that nothing could happen to him, and showing her his mighty arms, he would comfort her, saying over and over again, "Not even the mighty river is as strong as I am," and

while he was with her she believed what he said.

When she was alone Hero felt that tragedy was never far away, and the waves chanted to her now of sadness, instead of comforting her as they had done before she had known Leander. One night Hero's torch was put out by a strong blast of wind, and though she quickly lit another while the wild wind shrieked about her in the lonely tower, Leander out in the river struggling desperately with the fierce waves was sucked under.

All night Hero, terror stricken and in wild panic, waited for the day and Leander, and in the morning she saw his lifeless body come floating toward the shore. As it came nearer to the shore her body grew tense and rigid and just as it came opposite her Hero jumped and so perished by the side of her lover.





JULIA WARD HOWE

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword ;
His truth is marching on.”

THE words of few songs are better known than those of the “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” often called the National Hymn of America. It is with reverence and love we remember the author, and honor her as few women have been honored.

Julia Ward, which was Mrs. Howe’s maiden name, was born May 27, 1819, in New York City, but spent the greater part of her life in the cultured atmosphere of Boston. Her father was a banker, a well educated man, with refined manner; her mother was a gentle, cultured woman. They believed in giving

their children the best education obtainable, and surrounded them with everything that could help to give them knowledge. Her parents were related to the famous Astor family, and one of Mrs. Howe's sisters was the mother of F. Marion Crawford, one of our most famous novelists.

Julia was a very bright girl, and soon after learning to read and write, began composing poetry, continuing through all the years. She possessed an active, witty, intellectual nature, and was a good conversationalist, even when a child. She had great ability for sparkling repartee, and was a general favorite. From childhood she was deeply interested in religion, and soon became a member of the Unitarian church.

Julia was given a careful and thorough education, which in after years proved of infinite value to her. Through the loving influence and guidance of her parents she grew into a noble, unselfish woman, who took a keen interest in philanthropy, politics and reforms of all kinds.

In 1843 she met Doctor Howe, a great philanthropist, who was interested in many activities for the betterment of the country. They soon became attracted to each other and were married the same year. Doctor Howe took a keen interest in his wife's work, as she did in his. They had three daughters, one of them being Mrs. Laura E. Richards, the author of a number of well-known children's books.

Mrs. Howe was a busy woman, being interested in literary work, as well as in philanthropy and politics and clubs. She had little time to devote to

her household, but never neglected a task, for she believed that her home came before her outside duties. She was elated when she was chosen president of the New England's Woman's Club, believing that clubs exerted a strong influence for the good of the country. During her spare moments she still continued writing poems, but none contained great merit.

About this time she became very active in the cause of woman's suffrage and prison reform, and was also an advocate of universal peace. She possessed a wonderful voice and often talked on these topics at club meetings.

But it was not until after Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" that she became famous. The incident which led her to write the words is full of interest. Late in the autumn of 1861, while the States were throbbing with slavery and war questions, she was visiting Washington with her husband and some friends. One day they drove out to attend a review of some troops, and on their way home sung war songs, among them "John Brown's Body."

"You ought to write some new words to that tune," suggested a minister, turning to Mrs. Howe with a smile.

Mrs. Howe replied, "I have often wished to."

That night she states she went to bed and slept as usual, but when she awoke in the early dawn of the morning she felt a wonderful inspiration. In her brain the wished-for lines were faintly forming. She lay for a few minutes longer in peaceful quiet,

then hastily arising she found a stump of a pen, and on the back of an old envelope scrawled the famous words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The words were so full of the emotion felt at the time, that they became popular at once and in a short time were sung in war camps and churches everywhere. The song was widely known at first as the "Marseillaise of the Unemotional Yanks." Two incidents will show how it took with soldiers and the people.

A certain fighting chaplain, who had committed it to memory, sang it one memorable night in Libby Prison, when the joyful tidings of the victory of Gettysburg had penetrated even those gloomy walls. "Like a flame the word flashed through the prison. Men leaped to their feet, shouted, embraced one another in a frenzy of joy and triumph; and Chaplain McCabe, standing in the middle of the room, lifted up his great voice and sang aloud:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord—"

Every voice took up the chorus, and Libby Prison rang with the shout of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Later, when Chaplain McCabe related to a great audience in Washington the story of that night and ended by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," as only one who has lived it can sing it, the voice of Abraham Lincoln was heard above the wild applause, calling, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

Several volumes of verse and prose were published by Mrs. Howe, among the best known being

“Passion Flowers,” “From Sunset Ridge,” “Sex and Education,” “A Trip to Cuba” and “Reminiscences,” which is filled with delightful memories of Mrs. Howe’s life.

Her intellectual powers never dimmed, and her dreamy eyes were still bright and filled with life, when she passed away at the age of eighty-one, leaving behind her an immortal name.





ANNE HUTCHINSON

WITH the present freedom of religion and thought it is hard to understand the story of Anne Hutchinson and the narrow, bigoted times in which she lived. It is hard to even fancy that there was ever a time when the religion of people was the foremost consideration of the state, or that the government of any country could deem itself fit to say what the belief of its people should be. Today even the poorest and most oppressed of people insist that they have the right to freedom of religious belief. But from history we know faintly what oppression the Pilgrims, Huguenots, and other religious sects suffered about this time.

Because Anne Hutchinson was born so long ago, and at her birth seemed to be such an inconspicuous little child, not even her maiden name is known.

She was born some time in 1590 or the next year, and grew up in the times when battles for freedom of religion were at their height. From her first baby days Anne heard scarcely any other conversation but that which pertained to religion. Being a bright and clever girl she soon comprehended all that was said, and it was not long till she took an active part in these discussions. Anne was a strange girl and she was brought up in strange circumstances, a fact which may have done much to influence her later life.

The little Anne was taught to be honest, industrious and loyal. She was made to understand that obedience to her king and queen was the first and most important object in the life of every one in England. But despite the turmoil of the times and the rigor of a harsh government the little Anne was happy in her modest home in Lincolnshire, England, and though she probably often talked and heard about America in those days she never dreamed of seeing the strange country.

Anne grew into a sturdy little girl, determined and self-reliant, well fitted to do her own thinking, yet never haughty and insolent. Her quiet, modest manner and loving nature endeared her to all. She was just as good a listener as conversationalist, and would often listen for hours to a conversation which interested her, without saying a word. Anne kept her active brain always at work, and even in those days she knew that she did not agree with many of the opinions she heard expressed.

During the days of Anne's girlhood, as well as her

later life, there were very few books, but the ones she could get hold of the little girl read over and over again, loving them just as much as Lincoln ever did. No wonder the mother and father were very proud of their intelligent, capable, graceful little daughter.

Even in those days Anne was determined to bear an equal share with men in the affairs of the moment, though she could not quite overcome her natural shyness enough to be forward in expressing her thoughts. She did not fear to express her opinions, as so many did at that time, for fines, prison, and banishment were meted out liberally to every free religious believer.

The days passed and Anne grew into a charming young woman, admired even more greatly at that time than as a girl. She had a number of suitors and at last was married to William Hutchinson, who fortunately had the same strong religious beliefs as she herself did. The two were perfectly happy together and began to plan the things they would do together. Then in 1634 they decided that they would start for America. With what glowing excitement Anne got ready for the long trip across the ocean in the *Griffin*.

Who can tell of the strange expectations, half frightened yet wholly thrilling, that must have throbbed in the young woman's and man's hearts as they made their way slowly across the ocean and left behind them all that was familiar and dear. Nothing that Anne had yet done better showed the wonderful bravery of her courageous nature. Her

happy temperament kept the whole crew in good spirits as the *Griffin* slowly moved along.

There was no more ardent Christian on the ship than Anne and she spent many of the long hours in conversation with the Rev. Zechariah Symmes. He seemed to understand all of what the young woman tried to explain and encouraged her into confiding all of her beliefs in him. How Anne did enjoy giving him her confidences on these questions. He seemed to understand so well and was so sympathetic, and at that time there were so few people that one dared to talk with about religious matters.

In her enthusiasm poor Anne neglected to see how narrow and harsh her seeming friend was, and learned only too late that he was the meanest of traitors. Hardly had the ship landed at New Boston, after its long and wearisome journey, than Symmes went through the colony denouncing Anne as a prophetess and warned the government and deputy against what he called "her eccentricities of belief." These rumors resulted in delaying Anne's admission to church membership, which as anyone can guess gravely troubled her pious and noble soul.

Finally, however, Anne was admitted to the church, despite what Symmes had said. No one was more perfect in attendance than she, sitting patiently, eagerly listening through three to five hours at each meeting. At that time meetings were held in the middle of the week from which all women were excluded. This had aroused the feelings of many a colonial woman, but none of them had been brave enough to defy the edict. This aroused Anne's wrath.

After considerable deliberation Anne revolted and established a weekly meeting of her own, which was popular from the very first and rapidly grew more in favor. At these meetings she did most of the talking, not only because she was best qualified to lecture, but her audience preferred to hear her opinions to any that they could give.

Symmes was outraged at Anne's courage and led in the movement against her. She was finally put on trial before the general court of Massachusetts. In the court sat most of the famous men of that day. All were equally determined to convict Anne and to send her from the colony. With so much determination Anne was, of course, convicted and banished from the colony.

"I desire to know wherefore I am banished?" Anne asked bravely, the spirit of the true colonial woman shining in her pleasant face.

"Woman, say no more; the court knows wherefore and is satisfied," returned Governor Winthrop, grimly.

With a smile Anne left the court room, for she was at peace with herself and the world, knowing she had done no wrong. Then some of the people in the little town tried to turn Anne's husband against her, but he would not listen to a word of their arguments. So together with their children they went to Aquidneck, Rhode Island, where Roger Williams had established a settlement of religious freedom. One of the principles of the new colony was that no one was "to be accounted a delinquent for doctrines." Here the Hutchinsons were comparatively happy and

for a time lived at peace, enjoying their own beliefs.

By and by another great sorrow came to Anne in the death of her beloved husband. How she missed him and how the children longed to have their good father back again! But with the indomitable spirit that was hers Anne pushed on. She thought she would be happier if she went somewhere else to live, so she decided to go to the Dutch colony in New Netherland, and settled in what is now New Rochelle, a suburb of New York City.

Soon after Anne's coming to the new colony Indians took the warpath. She and all of her children were made prisoners in their home, and all but one little girl died when the Indians burned the house. The eight-year-old daughter escaped to tell the world of the fate of her mother and the other children. When the clergy heard of the terrible tragedy they rejoiced, stating it was a positive sign of Anne's guilt of heresy. No woman has done more for the freedom of religion than did this brave woman who died in 1643.





HYPATIA

REMEMBER that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies, for instance," once wrote John Ruskin, but Hypatia, one of the most beautiful women noted in history, disproved this statement. Not only was she one of the most famous of beauties, possessing great charm and grace, but she was also one of the most gifted of women, being one of the most learned and brilliant women who has ever lived.

So many years have passed since Hypatia lived that she seems to us almost a myth. Yet history tells us that she was born some time in 355. Perhaps it was the times and the environment which surrounded her from her baby days which made Hypatia grow into the wonderful woman she did. Her intelligent father, Theon, a celebrated astronomer

and mathematician of the fourth century after Christ, gave his daughter all of the training in philosophy obtainable at the time. From her very young days she was carefully trained to take her father's place as lecturer in Alexandria.

The gay, reckless life of Alexandria appealed not at all to Hypatia, who was a real student. There was nothing Hypatia liked to do better than discuss puzzling problems in philosophy with her learned father. Even when she was still in her teens Hypatia was talked of as a learned philosopher, and as she grew older her fame spread. It was not long until her lectures drew students from all parts of the East, and not only did she keep improving in oratory but in beauty as well.

From the story of her life Charles Kingsley wove a romantic story, "Hypatia," which has been widely read and which gives a vivid portrait of this wonderful girl and her charms. In one place Kingsley says:

"In the light arm chair, reading a manuscript which lay on the table, sat a woman of some five and twenty years, evidently the tutelary goddess of that little shrine, dressed in perfect keeping with the archaism of the chamber, in a simple old snow-white Ionic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiarly severe, and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downward again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, while it leaves the arms and points of the shoulders bare."

The pupils who came to study with Hypatia carried the fame of her wisdom and beauty abroad and her classes became more and more popular. At last

she became so popular that she was deemed to be a menace to the peace of Alexandria. Besides, Cyril, the bishop of the city, became jealous of her. This is supposed to have created a feud between the bishop and prefect of the wicked city, as well as many other quarrels.

Friends began to warn Hypatia to cease her philosophical teachings and leave the city, but the young woman would not believe the rumors. She saw nothing wrong with her teachings and she knew that her influence was good, and she also knew that there were few enough good people in the wicked city. As she thought of her work and friends Hypatia knew that she could never leave them and so she continued giving her brilliant lectures.

Cyril incited the lower clergy, whose anger had also been kindled against Hypatia, to seize her one day upon her return home from her lecture. The wild mob took her from her carriage, stripped her and dragged her body through the streets of Alexandria to a church called Caesareum, where she was beaten to death.





JEAN INGELOW

THE beloved name of Jean Ingelow is enshrined in the hearts of many children, for she has endeared herself to them through the ages by the many beautiful children's stories which she has written. The books of some authors, just like the pictures of some painters, are always eagerly sought after when they are once known, and after hearing Ingelow's "Mopsa, the Fairy," nearly every child will clamor for more of her stories.

All of her life Jean Ingelow was a very quiet, reserved person, and because of this trait she was very unwilling for the world to know much about her life when she became famous enough for people to want to know something about her. It is to the regret of every one that nothing is known of her parents, or of her sisters and brothers, or even if she had

any. The house in which she was born has never come into prominence as so many other houses do where famous people first saw the light of this world.

We do know that this talented woman was born some time in the year 1820, though sometimes we find this date given as 1830. She was born in the old town of Boston in Lincolnshire, England, and that she loved her birthplace and homeland is easily proved by the many references she made to both in her delightful verse.

Jean must have had a good education and an excellent training, for the strength of her beautiful, honest character can be felt in all of her work. She began writing at a very early age, but the honorable reputation that came to be hers she did not gain until the publication of her second book in 1863. The years of her young womanhood must have been filled with intense study, wide reading and deep thought. As one authority has written it was just as the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent that the songs of Miss Ingelow began and had instant popularity.

Jean's first volume of verses called "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Things" appeared in 1850, appearing anonymously. These simple poems told in beautiful language excited a good bit of interest, but it was the next volume of poems which made Jean famous. Among the poems found in this volume are "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Songs of Seven," "Supper at the Mill" and "Divided," all of which possess an appeal which made them instantly successful and made Jean Ingelow's name one to be remembered and honored.

This book ran into twenty editions in five years and with the writing of more prose and poetry her popularity increased.

In 1867 Jean published "The Story of Doon, and Other Poems," which was well received and was followed in 1885 by "Poems of the Old Days and the New." "Off the Skelligs" published in 1872 was her first novel of any length, and the charm of her poetry is strongly felt in this story. "Failed to Be Free" appearing the next year is a sequel to the first novel. Of no other author can it be said that his writings were more popular in another country than in his native land. Jean Ingelow's books seemed to be liked better in America than her own country, but even there they were widely read.

Among Jean's other books are "Don John," "Sarah de Berenger," "Studies for Stories," "John Jerome," "Stories Told to a Child," "The Sunshine Jackdaw," "A Motto Changed" and various others. But always Jean's poems of a lyric ballad nature were her best writing, being filled with the sweetness of her character.

After a life of loving toil, death came to Jean Ingelow in 1897. Little more is known of her burial place than of her birthplace. The finest and most living memorials of this author are her inspiring poems of sweet comfort, which undoubtedly are the most satisfying Jean could have chosen for herself.



QUEEN ISABELLA

HAD not Queen Isabella of Castile been such an ardent and fanatical religious advocate she probably would never have listened to the pleas of Columbus and the history of America would probably have been totally different. This charming queen first became famous for the financial help, advice and sympathy she gave Columbus, the poor lad who could find no one else to listen to his plans.

Queen Isabella was born so many years ago that little is known of her childhood and in those days few records were made and kept; and when she was born, sometime in 1451, no one probably ever thought that she would do anything that the world would care to remember her by. Her father was King John the Second of Castile and Leon, a very able and just man, and her mother was a charming

and cultured woman. The little girl probably enjoyed her life very much in the gay palaces where she lived, and doubtless spent many a happy and carefree day with playmates and brothers and sisters, if she had any. There is no record in history of any of her relatives, except her father.

From a pretty, good-natured child, Isabella grew into a charming woman of great courage and sagacity, deeply interested in many movements, from the very first being a devout Catholic. Her father died when she was six years old and this made her a queen, so she ruled over empires from 1457 till her death in 1504.

Despite great political opposition and dissension, Queen Isabella married Ferdinand of Aragon, another province of Spain, in 1469. By the union of these two powerful kingdoms the foundation of Spain's future greatness and power was firmly laid.

Shortly after her marriage Queen Isabella and her husband plunged their countries into a ten-year war against the Moors in the hope that they would be able to drive the Mohammedan religion out of their realm. During this time Queen Isabella's interest in religious affairs grew ever deeper and she spent much of her time in pious work and prayer. With the capture of Granada in 1492 the war ended, and with the subjection of the Moorish leaders, who were driven from the kingdom with the Jews and other Moors in the country, the realm was free from the Mohammedans and left to the Catholics.

So eager was the queen to rid the kingdom of unreligious people and disbelievers that she resurrected

the Court of Inquisition, one of the most dreadful laws of olden times. For many years hundreds of people had to bow before the most unjust and infamous laws ever made. Persons suspected of heresy were often arrested and condemned to imprisonment or death. Hundreds and hundreds were burnt at the stake and the kind-hearted, once-loved queen became very unpopular. People wondered what had come over the gentle Isabella and forever after her name was linked along with the awful days of the Inquisition.

It was during these days that Columbus, poor and ragged, yet afire with ambition and courage, came to Queen Isabella and asked her to aid him in his daring project of finding a shorter way to India. At first the queen did not appear to be deeply interested in his plans. But when Columbus assured her that the natives he would find in the new world, or dwelling in whatever other lands he might find, were to be converted to her religion she readily consented to help him. Because of the condition of the affairs of her country Isabella had no ready money to give Columbus for ships and equipment, but she sold some of her fine jewels and so helped him.

There were few people living in the world at the time more interested in Columbus' daring journey than Queen Isabella, and day after day she waited anxiously to hear how he was progressing. During her marriage Isabella contributed largely to the remarkable events which happened during the reign of her husband. These included the introduction of the Inquisition in 1440, the discovery of America

in 1492 and the final expulsion of the Moors after the conquest of Granada.

Even to the last days of her life Queen Isabella was always active and deeply interested in the affairs of her country.





HELEN HUNT JACKSON

FEW who have read the beautiful lines of Helen Hunt Jackson's best known poem, "October," but wish to know more about the delightful writer's life and the sunny, buoyant nature which guided her to write such appealing rhymes. Yet strangely enough it was after intense sorrow had wounded Mrs. Jackson's soul so deeply that life seemed to hold very little for her that she wrote the wonderful things which she left as a beautiful benediction behind her when her life ended.

Nathan W. Fiske, professor of philosophy and languages at Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts, a man of strong and vigorous mind, and his wife, a sunny-natured, active, spirited woman, welcomed little Helen in their cultured home on the eighteenth of October in 1831. It was one of those

beautiful autumn days, which in her later years Mrs. Jackson described so beautifully thus:

“O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October’s bright blue weather.”

All of her life this little baby was to like the beauties of autumn, as well as all of the wonders of the great out of doors. Even before she could toddle about little Helen had been taught to listen to, and love the songs of birds, to watch the flitting butterflies, the scampering squirrels, the flowers unfold, and the other magic mysteries that Mother Nature is so glad to show to all who are interested in her lavish splendor. Amid these beautiful surroundings and good influences the baby thrived and grew into a wilful, ardent child with a passionate love for everything which suffered.

When Helen was only a few years old her parents started reading to her, and being deeply interested in current and political events much of what was read aloud pertained to the government’s treatment of the Indians. It was not long before the intelligent little girl began speaking about “her injured Indians.” From the very beginning the emotional little girl was a champion of all those she considered treated unjustly, and even at that time she felt that the Indians were not being dealt with fairly.

By and by a new little girl came to the Fiskes, and like her older sister, Helen, she also grew into an active, light-hearted child. Helen and Annie were always together and what wonderful times they had,

though it was always the older sister who ventured the farthest, suggested the games to play, and was the general leader.

When Helen was a woman she liked to tell about an April morning when she and Annie were permitted to go into the woods after checkerberries. As they trotted down the path, hand in hand, their mother stood in the doorway and called after them to be sure to return in time for school. It was a beautiful day and Helen, remembering how much more she liked the woods than the stuffy schoolroom, tried to coax Annie to spend the day with her among the trees, but the young sister would not be coaxed.

But Helen could not stand the idea of being shut in a school room on such a perfect day and so, remembering a venturesome schoolmate, the daughter of a neighbor, she took Annie home and skipped over to this girl's house. At first her friend refused to accompany her but Helen promised her that she would show her some living snails and other wonders, so she went along.

From one forest to another the two little girls roamed, scarcely knowing what to do as they became hungrier and more tired than they had ever been in their lives. Now and then her friend started to cry but Helen's brave spirit was undaunted. Finally they came to a stranger's cabin where they were given food and told that there was to be a funeral in a nearby village.

After the folk left the house Helen urged her companion to follow the farmer to see where the funeral was to be, and finally they came to the town

and followed the mourners to the meeting house. Here two professors from the school who had been alarmed by the girls' absence, found them and took them to their homes. Helen's parents were very angry with her and punished her by shutting her up in the garret. But with her lively imagination even here the little girl had quite a nice time.

When Helen was only twelve years old both her father and mother died. She and Annie went to live with their grandfather. Soon she was sent to school, which fortunately was taught by the writer, the Reverend J. S. C. Abbott of New York, and almost unconsciously Helen absorbed many of his ideas. The rest of her girlhood was filled with studies, and so she grew into a frank, merry, impulsive woman very fond of society and as brilliant and attractive as any belle.

Helen was married when she was twenty-one years old to a gay young army captain, who afterward became a major, named Edward B. Hunt. He was very handsome and his curly hair was one of his chief attractions, giving him the nickname of "Cupid." Most of the time the young couple lived in West Point or Newport where Helen went among the most fashionable society, one of the gayest and most attractive of all of the society women, with never a thought that sadness or hard work would enter her happy life.

A baby came to claim Helen's attention, but when he was only eleven months old he died, but Warren Horsford, more familiarly known as "Rennie" came soon to take his place. There was no one that Helen

loved more than this bright, beautiful little boy and she became more and more attached to him.

Major Hunt was always experimenting with things of his own invention, and on the second of October, 1863, a submarine gun he invented and was experimenting with in Brooklyn blew up and killed him. There followed terrible days for Helen and she clung more passionately to her eight-year-old Rennie. But in less than two years the little boy contracted diphtheria and he died.

For months afterward the mother shut herself up in her room, refusing to see anyone and the doctors thought there was nothing but death for her, but even though she was crushed by her overwhelming sorrows the brave young woman was not defeated. Three months after the boy's death Helen wrote one of the most beautiful poems she ever composed, "Lifted Over," which appeared in the *Nation* and was widely copied and comforted many a bereaved mother. Many a beautiful and kindly letter filled with sympathetic and comforting words traveled to Helen's room and by and by she grew stronger and more resolved that her life should not be useless.

In 1865, at the age of thirty-four, and amid the strife and gloom of the Civil War Helen began her absorbing, painstaking literary work, studying the best models in composition and giving her very best efforts and all of her strength to her work. Her first prose sketch telling about a walk to Mt. Washington appeared in 1866, which was very soon followed by her beautiful poem, "Coronation," appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The following year she spent traveling in Germany and Italy, becoming very ill in Rome. Upon her return in 1870 she published a slender little book of poems under the initials of *H. H.*, which was well received. Encouraged by her success she had published two other books, "Bits of Travel" and "Bits of Talk About Home Matters."

So hard and so faithfully did she work that the vigorous health of her childhood again failed her and she went to Colorado, hoping that a change of atmosphere would benefit her. Never having lost her great fondness of nature the beauty of Colorado impressed her deeply and she wrote a book about the wonders of the state. In Colorado Springs, where she made her home, her old interest in Indian matters was again aroused and grew in vigor.

In 1876 she married William Sharpless Jackson, a cultured Quaker banker and their home became a most ideal one surrounded with many beautiful flowers and shrubs. Here in her beautiful home, once more surrounded by the pleasures of life, Mrs. Jackson wrote "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and "Hetty's Strange History."

Mrs. Jackson, however, was not satisfied in merely writing novels for pleasure and decided that she must have a definite purpose to depict before she could write another book. So she began to think of a purpose, to help the Indians, whom she felt had been defrauded. Leaving her home she spent three months in the Astor Library in New York, where she wrote "A Century of Dishonor."

Once again she worked so hard and steadily that

she became ill and on the book's completion went to Norway. As soon as this book was published she sent, at her own expense, a copy to each member of Congress and the government was so impressed with it that they appointed her a special commissioner to look after Indian affairs in California.

It was during this time that Mrs. Jackson wrote her able articles which appeared later in the *Century*. But still the talented woman was not satisfied with her efforts in behalf of these people. She kept dreaming of writing a book that would do for the Indians what Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done for the negroes.

In the winter of 1883, Mrs. Jackson began her most famous and best loved book "Ramona," and as she said, "I put my heart and soul into it." It is a wonderful novel with a great purpose. In June, 1884 Mrs. Jackson happened to stumble as she was coming down stairs, falling and fracturing her leg, and was confined to the house for several months. Thinking that a change of climate might be of benefit to her rapidly declining health, Mrs. Jackson decided to spend the winter in Los Angeles, where she soon became a victim of malarial fever. She then went to San Francisco.

Although struggling bravely amid declining health, Mrs. Jackson had no fear of death, which she felt swiftly approaching, and just four days before she died she wrote to President Cleveland and thanked him for what he had done for her beloved Indians. So with a brave smile on her lips she died on the twelfth of August, 1885. She was at first

buried on Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado, but as this spot became a great recreation center for tourists, her family had her body reinterred in the cemetery at Colorado Springs.





JOAN OF ARC

THERE is no woman in history whose name is more familiar and who is more greatly loved than Joan of Arc. She has often been called "The Maid of Orleans" and "The Savior of France." Probably no character in history has a stronger appeal to the imagination than does this simple peasant girl in her gentleness, charity, piety, and determination. Many historical biographies and sketches have been written about Joan's short life of nineteen years, and her tragic career has been the subject of many poems, stories, pictures, and dramas.

Joan was born on the sixth of January, 1412. The little cottage in which she was born still stands in Domrémy, France, and is preserved as a museum. Within the cottage is a copy of the beautiful statue of Joan made by Marie d'Orléans.

Domrémy is still a quiet little village just as it was in Joan's day and the simple folk that lived there still dwell in about the same manner as they did so many years ago. The men and women still go together to till the fields, just as they did in 1412, and the houses still cluster close together. In Joan's day Domrémy was on the very border of the Duchy of Lorraine, that tragic little country over which France and Germany have fought so much.

Joan was a very lively baby, and from the very first the mother knew that this child with the dark dreamy eyes had inherited many more of her characteristics than any of her other children. Joan's parents were simple, contented peasants, and the little girl soon learned to help spin, sew, and tend her father's sheep. There was nothing Joan liked to do better than roam around under the beautiful trees that grew in and near the village, and to dream and listen to the whisperings of the winds stirring through the leafy boughs.

In the village there was a stronghold called the "Castle of the Isle," because the Meuse River forked there and encircled it. A large wall surrounded the yard of the castle, providing a space for a spacious garden, encircled by a moat, that was the delight of all the children. The castle was the property of the rich people of the country, but was leased by the villagers who thought it would make a good shelter if they were ever attacked. One of the two chief tenants of the castle was Joan's father, so often she and her brothers and her sisters played about and in this great old building. Among the



E. Frantz

Joan of Arc Sees the Vision

village children was a modest little girl about Joan's age named Hauviette, and the two became almost inseparable.

At that time everyone delighted in telling legends and tales, and the peasant folk were even more superstitious than they are today. Among the favorite legends told at that time was a tale that a maiden from the borders of Lorraine would one day save France. Joan's radiant eyes would glow with a more indomitable spirit every time she heard that tale, and over and over again she asked to have it repeated.

It was not the custom then for a girl to receive a very extensive education so Joan was never sent to school, but her mother taught her to read and write and do many other things. So Joan grew into a modest, generous girl with refined manners and pious thoughts. She often attended the little church near her home, and it was here, when she was only thirteen years old, that she first heard the wonderful voices which she was to hear all the rest of her life, and which later sent her on the mission to save France. A beautiful chapel now stands on the hillside that Joan so often frequented and which tradition says was where Joan first heard the voices which bade her go forth as a soldier.

It was while Joan's beloved France was being crushed and fighting for its very existence that she began to see more marvelous visions than ever. The young girl was of a great emotional nature and suffering always tore at her heart. One day she believed she saw an angel who told her to go and save

her country. Her friends and parents tried to keep her from following this command, but Joan would not listen, and at last she obtained consent to go and see King Charles of France.

Dressed in her awkward red peasant clothes Joan was presented to the king. She convinced him that if any one could save France she would do it, and a short time later in January, 1429, dressed in armor and carrying a sword she rode away from Domrémy. She was placed at the head of the French troops and her invincible courage gave the soldiers new hope and strength with the result that the siege of Orléans was lifted.

The rough soldiers would not even acknowledge King Charles as their king but they paid the greatest homage to Joan. After the siege of Orléans the young girl led them in four other engagements in which they were victorious and then they marched to Rheims, where Charles was crowned as king, with Joan standing by his side. Everywhere Joan was revered and honored and hailed as the *Savior of France*.

Even after all this excitement and honor Joan was still the same simple, modest girl she had been in Domrémy, and she wanted to return home, but King Charles would not permit it. She was again placed at the head of soldiers and led a fierce attack on Paris, where she was badly wounded by the English on the twenty-ninth of May, 1430, and was captured by the Burgundians, French soldiers who were allied with the British. These soldiers sold her to the English for about three thousand dollars. The Eng-

lish had heard of her wonderful courage and bravery and were determined that if they ever captured her she should die. So after a long imprisonment in which Joan suffered terribly, she was tried as a witch and a heretic and condemned to be burned at the stake on the thirtieth of May, 1431. Ten thousand men stood in the market place of Rouen that fair May morning and saw Joan meet a martyr's death with the same unfaltering courage with which she had met life. The ashes of her body were gathered and thrown in the Rouen River.

In 1456 Joan's case was again tried in the courts and she was pronounced innocent of any crime. In 1902 she was beatified by Pope Pius, which gave her a saint's place in the Roman Catholic Church. Innumerable statues and monuments have been dedicated to this noble girl, and a beautiful statue has been placed on the spot in Rouen where she met her death.



HELEN KELLER

REAL happiness grows from the resolution to do something each day that will leave a pleasant memory," so said Helen Keller in a speech she made in Boston. Helen Keller is a remarkable figure, not because of some heroic historical deed she has done, but because through her own remarkable efforts and keen intellect she learned how to talk despite the fact that she was deaf, dumb and blind. The history of Helen's life should be an inspiration to all who read and hear about the courageous woman.

Arthur and Kate Keller lived in a tiny rose-covered cottage in Tuscumbia, Alabama, where Helen was born on the twenty-seventh of June, 1880. The parents were very proud of their soft-eyed baby girl and there was considerable discussion as to what she should be called, but at last it was agreed

she should be named Helen Adams. How happy the young parents were with their rollicking, active baby and how they planned and dreamed of her future.

For nineteen months Helen lived the happy life of a baby, learning to walk and then to toddle faster and go out into the beautiful garden and about the tiny rooms. Even then she loved animals, and in later life she said, "All my life I have been interested in animals." She has visited all the important zoological parks and menageries in the cities where she has been. She told about touching a coyote and a Colorado wolf and said, "All these contacts with animal life have helped to make the world I live in real and vastly interesting."

When Helen was nineteen months old she had scarlet fever and for weeks her life was despaired of. Her parents did everything to comfort the little sufferer and at last she grew better. But she was never to see again or to hear, and there was no voice. It was a big, still, dark world that the little child woke into and she was puzzled.

During those weeks of intense suffering she had forgotten everything she had learned to do and was as helpless as a tiny baby. Bit by bit, by taking hold of her mother's dress and hands Helen was taught to walk again and coaxed to gain more courage. By and by the dark world in which she lived grew less mysterious and finally Helen was coaxed into walking about alone, and so she toddled out into the garden again. By and by, too, she was taught to make signs when she wished things, but the baby's temper was sorely tried. She grew very fretful and peevish.

The Kellers moved to a larger house, and the strangeness of the place was hard for the little Helen to understand. It took a long time for her again to gain enough courage to go about alone. Then a little sister, Mildred, came and Helen's mother had little time to devote to her afflicted child.

Helen was so lonely and suffered so desperately in her black prison shut out from the beauties she had loved that she scarcely knew what to do. She became so nervous that her parents grew very anxious about her and it was decided that Mr. Keller should take her to a specialist in Boston. From Boston Helen and her father went to Washington to see Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who was deeply interested in deaf and dumb children.

Dr. Bell advised Mr. Keller to try and get a teacher for Helen, explaining that if she were given an opportunity to use her surplus energy and ambition in a useful way the condition of her health and temper would improve. He promised to help the Kellers try and find a good teacher, and he found a noble woman at the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston who was willing to try and help the child.

The day that Miss Anne Sullivan came into Helen's life was a wonderful day, and it is to this remarkable woman that Miss Keller owes all of her advancement and happiness in life. No one could have been more patient and loving with the sensitive child than was Miss Sullivan, and through the means of them the big world was again opened up for Helen to drink from. The very first day Helen was

called in from the porch, where she was running rose petals through her fingers to learn how to spell a word. While she was trying to teach the little child to spell Miss Sullivan put the object in her other hand and with delightful eagerness Helen learned how to spell word after word.

Though the little girl was so eager to learn and learned so rapidly, she did so without any understanding at all, for her little mind could not seem to grasp the significance of things. Then one day the poor little girl seemed to be breaking her heart over a doll with a broken head, and all of her tenderest emotions were at the straining point. Miss Sullivan took her out to the pump and slowly pouring some water over one hand spelled out the word in the other palm. A bright light flashed across the child's face and from that time her understanding began to develop.

Slowly, very slowly, the world came to be a great and fascinating place to the little Helen, and ever the infinite patience of the noble teacher made it an interesting and beautiful world to the little unfortunate child. Miss Sullivan felt that a real pearl had been given into her keeping to develop and protect as best she could and nothing that she could do for Helen was too hard or monotonous.

Helen's education progressed rapidly and a special typewriter was made for her to use by which she could do all her writing. Then when the little girl was ten years old she heard that another little girl in Norway, afflicted as she was, had learned to speak by careful training. Helen was determined that she

was going to learn to talk and was encouraged in this belief by Miss Sullivan who took her to Miss Fuller, a teacher in New York.

Miss Fuller was greatly impressed by the child's earnest sincerity and gave her seven lessons. Upon returning home Helen and Miss Sullivan worked day and night until in about a month's time Helen could talk, rather imperfectly, but the power of correct speech was developed later and now Miss Keller talks to large audiences with perfect ease. She is a very popular lecturer and has spoken in many cities.

As Helen grew older and learned how to talk better she yearned to obtain a better education and so was permitted to attend the Wright-Humason, and Cambridge Schools in Boston and entered Radcliffe College in 1900, graduating four years later. Her faithful teacher and constant companion, Miss Sullivan, attending all classes with her, and repeated in hand language the contents of the lectures and the class discussions.

After graduating from college Helen contributed articles to a number of different magazines as well as wrote a number of books, among these being: "Story of My Life," "Optimism," "World I Live In," "Song of the Stone Wall" and "Out of the Dark." One of the finest tributes paid to this noble woman is given in the "Girl Who Found the Bluebird" by Miss Maeterlinck, written after a visit to the blind and deaf girl.



LUCY LARCOM

THE name of Lucy Larcom is associated with our childhood days and even in after years recalls happy memories and busy days, for Lucy was a light-hearted, active child. For years Lucy's father was a seafaring man with a great love for adventure and a remarkable talent for telling interesting stories, but a short time before his seventh daughter's birth he gave up this life on the water and started a little shop. There were eight older sisters and brothers to greet little Lucy when she appeared in 1826, the two half sisters being grown women at the time. Lucy was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, near the site of the town clock and Old South Steeple, and as she states "opened her eyes on the green rocky strip of shore between Beverly Bridge and Misery Island."

The house and surroundings where Lucy was born was filled with romance and beauty, which early appealed to the little girl, and she never forgot the great old-fashioned kitchen with its big "Dutch oven." What happy days Lucy spent in these rooms with her sisters and brothers, and by and by, when Octavia came Lucy and her next oldest sister, Lida, had more fun than ever. The baby was so cunning and it was so much fun to sing to her the hymns that Lida and Lucy sang together. The two little girls even tried to get the baby sister to skip down the flight of stairs which led from their school-room to the outside and then on down to the garden filled with spearmint and wormwood. Here often the girls found "Aunt Hannah" at work. Lucy started to school with Aunt Hannah when she was only a baby of two and by the time she was half a year older she knew her letters and could read simple sentences. Aunt Hannah kept her school in a room over Mr. Larcom's shop and the neighbor children also came over.

From the very first Lucy was hearty and robust and full of fun, having inherited the chatty, social, kindly nature of her rosy-cheeked, dimpled mother, and some of the spirit of her grandfather who fought in the Revolutionary War. But there came a time, while Lucy was still a baby, when a great sadness came to her as she looked at her father's noble face as he lay in death. All of her life Lucy remembered what a studious, reserved and noble man her father was.

When Lucy was two years old her mother started

to take her to church, and even in those days it seemed to the small girl that Sunday morning always had a charm that no other morning had, as she wrote in after life, "So much cleaner than other mornings." Her great love for hymns made Lucy learn many of the ones she heard at church long before any of her family knew what she was doing. When one day her motherly sister, Emilie, heard her crooning them to little Octavia, she was astonished and promised to give the child a new book when she had learned fifty hymns, and when she had learned one hundred she promised to teach her to write.

Before her fourth birthday Lucy was the proud possessor of the new book and a short time later in great pride she took up the goose quill to write her first words. By the time Lucy was five years old she had read the "Scottish Chiefs," and she soon became acquainted with "Pilgrim's Progress," which became her favorite book and she always wished she could take the same kind of journey. She liked to read in the Bible, too. Her two brothers, Ben and John, liked to play upon the imaginative credulity of little Lucy and told her all kinds of wondrous and marvelous stories. But Lucy wished most of all to be like her grown-up sister, Louise, who was the tallest and prettiest of the Larcom children, and a really remarkable singer. Every holiday in the Larcom family was celebrated with lectures, recitations, songs and plays, which delighted none of the children more than it did Lucy.

After the father's death the Larcom family was poorer than ever. Many necessities were even denied

the children and each one of them had to help with the work. When Lucy was only five or six years old she started going every morning after the milk and was happy that she could help. She could sew and make patchwork quilts quite well before she was seven years old, and she also learned how to knit stockings. Her seventh year was a notable one in the life of Lucy, for after a suggestion by John for a rainy day diversion the little girl made her first rhymes. It was not long till the neighbors heard about the remarkable poetry that Lucy could write and everyone demanded to read or hear it.

After the eldest Larcom boy went to sea the estate was sold and the happy days on the beautiful old farm ceased. The rest of the family went to Lowell to live and to keep boarders. It was one of the greatest regrets of Lucy's life to leave the rambling old garret and the lovely garden and she missed it all of her life. For the first time in their lives Lucy and Octavia became pupils in a regular school taught by a man, and the bright little Lucy was placed in the sixth grade, but on her birthday was put back in the first grade. Financial matters became worse and worse in the little home and Lucy was forced to take up work in a mill. Later she again had a chance to go three months to a grammar school and she studied and worked so hard that the teacher said she was about ready to enter high school.

By this time, although Lucy was still a mere child, she began to reflect and think deeply about the life to come. Over and over again she wondered what she could do, and always when she asked her-

self what she wanted most to do she would think of being a school teacher, but by and by that dream sank into one of being an artist. In this latter dream her sister Emilie took part enthusiastically.

Her very desires and yearnings to be understood forced Lucy into writing little rhymes, and then all at once she knew that she would have to write to express herself so she began to study and determined to learn all that she could. In this determination Emilie was always ready to help and a most willing teacher and loving guide. Her work at the mill was very wearisome and uncongenial, but during her spare moments at home Lucy fed her glowing spirit with her keen and vivid imagination and during this time she wrote enough poems to make twelve little home-bound volumes.

When Lucy was thirteen years old she joined the church which she had attended so long, and here her vague, fitful desire to do something worth while often found an outlet in her activities for other girls. It was in the churches in Lowell that the two magazines published by the mill girls originated, called the *Lowell Offering* and the *Operatives' Magazine*, the latter originating in the First Congregational Church which Lucy attended. These were the first publications to which Lucy contributed and for a time both were published separately but later they united in the *Lowell Offering* to which the young poetess became a regular contributor.

“Every kind of work brings its own compensations and attractions,” said Lucy at this period of her life, trying to be satisfied with her life of toil

and stern denial. In 1845 Emilie married and the Larcom family disbanded, the mother returning to Beverly to stay with some of her relatives and Lucy remaining in Lowell and boarding with strangers. It was very hard for the young girl to do this as she had never been away from home ties before. Then after a year or so the health of Emilie's husband failed and they decided to go to Illinois. They asked Lucy to go with them, suggesting that perhaps she could get a position as teacher of the district school, which work might be more congenial than the mill work. In the early spring of 1846 they left New England and then followed the experience of every pioneer in a new country.

Lucy secured her school and had many interesting and peculiar experiences in teaching. She saved enough money to take a course at the Monticello Seminary, and during her first year at the school was appointed a teacher in the preparatory department, which was a separate school having thirty or forty girl students. Her teaching gave Lucy some time also to go on with her own studies, and after her graduation in 1852 she returned East where she continued teaching and writing in her spare moments. It was only after her health failed and she could not go on with her school duties that she took up writing seriously.

By and by her work attracted Whittier's attention and he became one of her best friends. For a while she was editor of *Our Young Folks*, a Boston magazine which has since been absorbed by *St. Nicholas*. During these years she wrote many short

stories and published several slender volumes of poems, among them being "Childhood Songs" and "Wild Roses of Cape Ann." She wrote an interesting account of her own life which is called "A New England Girlhood." Perhaps her best known poem is "Hannah at the Window Binding Shoes," which was long a favorite with the Hutchinson family of singers. Nothing in literature has appeared which portrays the pathos of life in a fishing village.

After several years of ill health, but never failing brightness, Lucy of the golden heart and glowing soul died in Boston on the seventeenth of April, 1893.





JENNY LIND

ON October the sixth, in the year 1820, Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, Sweden. But because the Americans loved her as well as her own country, we, too, call her the sweet "Swedish Nightingale." She was a small, broad-nosed, unattractive baby and grew into a shy, awkward girl. But no one ever thought that she was not pretty, because she was the most loving, unselfish and sincere child they met. She was always happy, singing about her work and play. Folk stopped to listen to her sweet, joyous voice, and went away wondering.

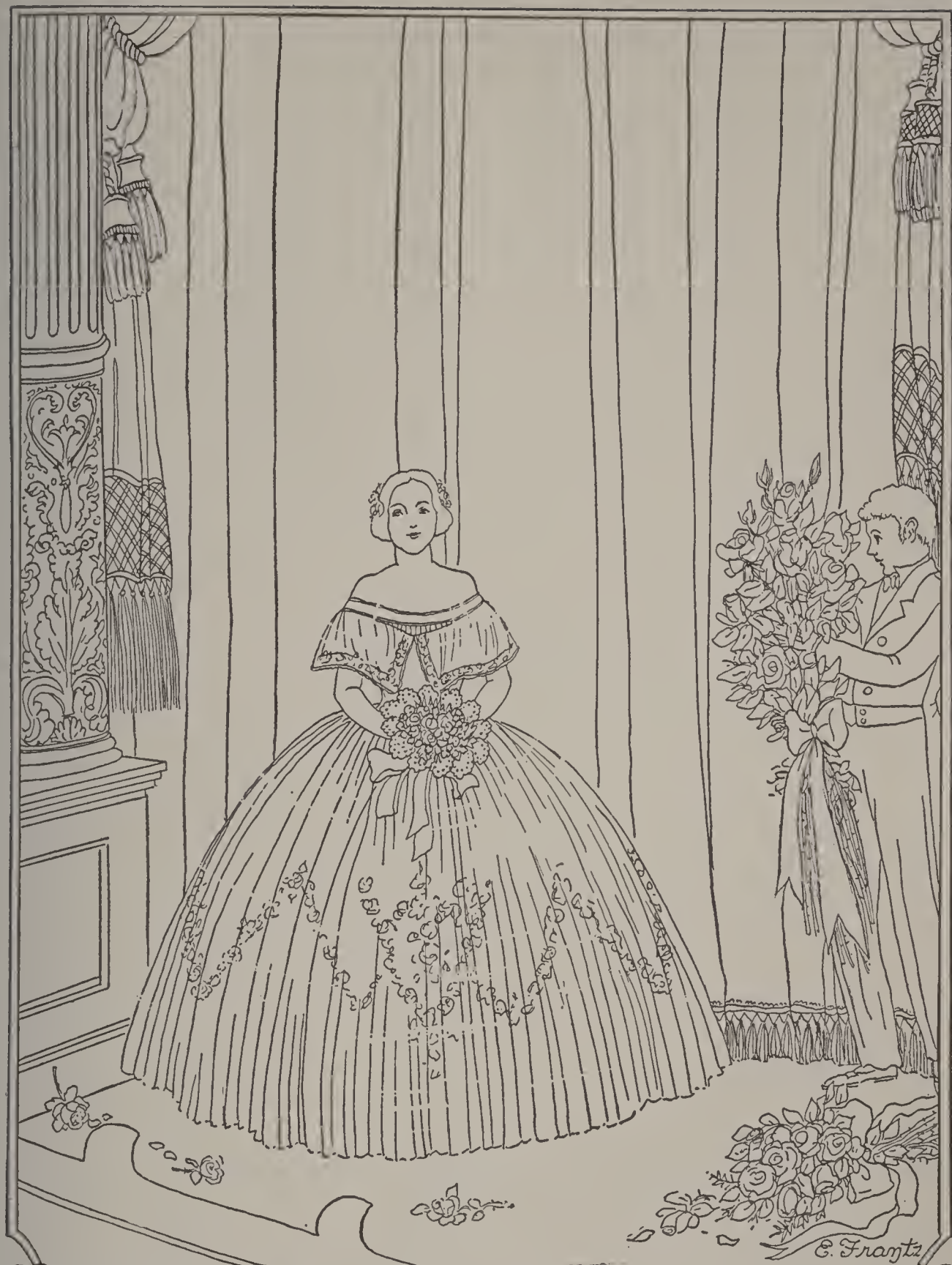
As she grew older Jenny became prettier, and began taking singing lessons from Master Crollius. Few children ever worked so hard to develop their talent as did this small girl. Her parents were earnest Christians, and early taught their children

to be faithful and true, and always to trust God. At an early age, Jenny joined the church near her home, of which she remained a member all her life.

When Jenny was nine she was sent to school in her native city, to which a musical school was attached. Here she took more training. She soon became a skillful and attractive singer for one so young, and sang in the Royal Opera in Stockholm. From the age of fourteen to nineteen she appeared constantly in plays at the Royal Theatre, continuing her musical education at the Royal Academy. In 1840 she was appointed court singer, and during the next two years often sang in opera, her first public appearance being in the opera, "Norma." Her melodious, charming voice electrified all who heard her, and she became very popular, but she did not feel that she had had sufficient training.

By this time she had grown into a handsome, modest woman, with many personal attractions. She finally went to Paris to study under Manuel Garcia, a great singing master. At first he refused to give Miss Lind lessons, saying, "Madam, you have no voice left to train." But at last he consented to give her lessons, if she rested her voice a while. He afterward said that she was the most attentive and intelligent pupil he ever had. Through hard work and perseverance Jenny Lind added to the charm of her singing.

In 1845 she returned to Sweden, and sang before Queen Victoria, who was visiting there, and the queen was much pleased. Her popularity increased, and Miss Lind was called upon to tour Europe, which



The Triumph of Jenny Lind

she did, singing in all the larger cities. On the last evening that she sang in Vienna thousands of people escorted her carriage home, and she had to appear thirty times at her window, to acknowledge their applause. She was not only known and loved for her voice, but for her infinite charities, which made her known as a saint among the poor.

In 1847 the "Swedish Nightingale," as she was often called, made her first appearance at Covent Garden in England. She was greeted with enthusiasm, and the queen would have given her many costly gifts. However she would accept but one—a simple bracelet.

"One of the finest pearls in the chaplet of song," Meyerbeer called Jenny Lind, and it was as one of the most famous singers in the world that the people in the United States heard about her. So everyone rejoiced when they heard that the great singer was coming to this country in 1850. P. T. Barnum, the manager of a great circus, had induced her to come to America to sing, and everyone was enthusiastic, but the showmen's friends. He had engaged Miss Lind to sing for a hundred and fifty nights, at a thousand dollars a night, and they predicted his ruin. But instead, he made thousands of dollars, and many were turned away, because there was no place to seat them.

In February, 1852, Miss Lind married her German accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt, but she has always been known to the music world by her maiden name. When her husband became leader of the Bach choir she sang frequently in oratorios and concerts.

One of her daughters still lives in England, and she has a daughter who sings so beautifully that folk wonder if she will not be a second Jenny Lind.

Madam Goldschmidt sang for the last time in public on July 23, 1883, in Spa at Malvern Hills, for a benevolent fund for the railway servants.

The last summer of her life was spent with her husband in a little house in Malvern amid the scenery she loved so much. She was ill much of the time, but the sunshine of her soul never departed, and with perfect courage and simple faith she left this world November 2, 1887.





MARY LYON

THERE is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it." So said Mary Lyon, the noble woman who believed that education was the most precious thing in the world, and that to know how to read poetry helped one to make better puddings.

The Lyons lived in a little farmhouse snuggled amid the hills and mountains around Buckland, Massachusetts, and here the little girl was born on the twenty-eighth of February, 1797. There were four older children to welcome the new baby, and later two more came to play with Mary, five of them being girls. Everybody was busy in the little farmhouse and Mary soon learned to look out for herself. From a healthy, lively baby she grew into an active, thoughtful child who liked to wander amid

the roses, pinks, and other flowers in the garden and marvel at the sturdy trees which sheltered the little home.

Even before Mary started to school she rose early in the morning with the other children and helped to pick weeds and grass for the animals, and do many other little tasks that her busy hands found to do. Mary often had to watch her younger sisters and brother when her mother and older sisters and brothers were busy. Even after Mary grew up she remembered one sad and lonely day when her father died. Everyone wondered what the mother with her seven children would do. But she was a good manager so there was always enough wholesome food and warm clothes for the cold winter.

Soon school days started for Mary and she trudged cheerfully to the nearest district school, a mile away. But the next year the school was moved so the Lyon children had to walk two miles. But Mary thought even then that no effort was too great to make in order to learn.

Meanwhile at home Mary was learning to do all of the things that every colonial girl was taught to do in those days, and she began to knit, weave, sew, mend, and cook. On holidays she helped her mother and sisters make candles and soap. So the years came and went and Mary's bright eyes grew ever more eager to drink in all the knowledge that she could find and she read every book that she could get hold of.

When Mary was twelve years old she made her first dress all alone, all the way from carding and

weaving the wool to cutting and fitting it. The next year her mother married again and taking the younger children went away, leaving Mary to keep house for her only brother. Her brother gave her a dollar a week for her services, which she carefully saved to pay for a term of school in the neighboring academy. In speaking about Mary one of her teachers said, "I should like to see what she would do if she could be sent to college." But at that day there was no college to which girls could go.

In the following years Mary got what education she could by going to one school and then another, and when she was only seventeen years old she began to teach school, receiving seventy-five cents a week and her board. From this small amount she managed to save what she could for that dreamed-of term at the academy. Her brother married but Mary stayed with him and helped his wife whenever she could. Everyone loved Mary for her frank, gentle ways and her unselfish desire to be of help.

When Mary was nineteen she had saved enough money to begin her term at the Sanderson Academy at Ashfield, so dressed in her blue homespun dress she appeared at the school one day. Many of the other girls laughed at her ill-fitting garments. But they soon learned that though Mary might not be dressed as nicely as they were she knew many things they did not, and that she could learn faster and easier than any of them.

No one has ever been more eager to learn and absorb knowledge than was Mary Lyon, and she was quite as eager to impart it to others. Without

a thought of herself or her health the young girl often studied for twenty hours a day. One day the teacher gave her a Latin grammar and she learned in three days what the class was supposed to have in a term.

“Mary Lyon is more alive than any girl I know of,” exclaimed Amanda White, Squire White’s daughter, one day, adding, “She has such a big, warm, beautiful life.” Mary soon became an intimate friend of this girl. Soon Amanda’s father became deeply interested in Mary and she was invited to come and live with them in their big, white, comfortable house.

A new life of wonderful promise opened up to Mary and she was not ashamed to ask her friends for help, so she rapidly overcame her awkwardness and carelessness of dress. By this time the small amount of money Mary had succeeded in saving was gone, but through the aid of Squire White she was given funds enough to attend Byfield Academy near Boston. Amanda went with her.

At Byfield Academy Mary was as popular and well-loved as she had been at the Sanderson School. She had hardly finished her course when she was asked to come to Ashfield as the first woman teacher in the academy. She accepted this position and five years afterwards became the preceptress. At the age of twenty-five Mary was in great demand as a teacher, being the same earnest instructor that she had been pupil. She taught at Buckland and Ipswich and was wanted everywhere.

For nearly sixteen years she gave the best efforts

of her splendid life for the education of young girls, and ever a great purpose and desire grew in her heart and mind. At that time there were more than one hundred colleges for men in Massachusetts but not until 1790 were girls admitted to the public schools in Boston.

"We must provide a college for young women on the same conditions as those for men, with publicly owned buildings," declared Mary, but few listened to her, for in those days people were not in favor of education for women. Mary knew that there were many girls, even as she had been, eager to learn, but who had little or no money to go to school, and she began wondering if a building could not be donated to them in which the pupils could do the work themselves.

Despite great obstacles, the indomitable woman took up her task and through her earnestness enlisted the help of several interested men to act as trustees and promoters of a new school. Mary went from town to town, traveling by stage and doing everything within her power to get people interested in the new school for girls. In this way she toiled on and at last won her desire, and the state of Massachusetts granted a charter for the new school, Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, now known as Holyoke College.

It was the proudest moment in the courageous woman's life when she stood on that morning of the eighteenth of November, 1836, in the five-story brick building welcoming the girls to the college. The college grew and prospered, but Mary was never satis-

fied with conditions and ever strived to improve them. It was at this time that Mary said of her students, "If they would build high, they must not be satisfied with laying the foundation." For twelve years Mary was the principal of Mount Holyoke and for thirty-five years she was a teacher there.

Mary died on the fifth of March, 1849, at South Hadley, Massachusetts. She was buried on the Mount Holyoke Seminary grounds. A tablet set in a big boulder marks the scene of the birthplace of this noble, busy woman, and her influence has gone around the world, for she was truly a great builder.





MARIE ANTOINETTE

AFTER reading about the gay, brilliant childhood days of Marie Antoinette and her tragic death it is hard to realize that once she was a care-free, innocent child, a general favorite of courts and a laughing, playful lass. The little girl who spent all of her life in grand palaces was born in one in Vienna on the second of November, 1755. Her father was Emperor Francis I, and her mother the noted Maria Theresa. Maria was the youngest of sixteen children and was named Marie Joseph de Lorraine Antoinette, afterward being called the Archduchess of Austria and still later the Queen of France.

Amid the gay splendor of courtly scenes it was no wonder the little girl grew into a spoiled, jealous child. She was exceptionally beautiful and this to-

gether with a demanding nature gave the young Marie great powers. There was scarcely a thing that the child wanted but she received, and although required to do some studying her education was not at all rigid.

Most boys and girls would think that the young Dauphine would have been perfectly happy in the midst of such surroundings but Marie was never content. There was too much gaiety, too much lavishness, too much glamour for the young girl and try as she could she could find no solution to it all. Always she grew to be more thoughtless, more selfish and more extravagant and no one could curb her disposition.

When Marie was only fifteen years old she was married to the French Dauphin at Versailles in true royal pomp. Her husband later became Louis the Sixteenth. From the days when Marie lay in a cradle her mother had destined her to be the queen of France, but the little Marie had always preferred liberty of expression and action to courtly etiquette. The marriage had been arranged to strengthen the alliance between France and Russia.

Marie's manners were ill suited to the French court and though the young queen tried hard to find novelty and relaxation in the gardens surrounding the Petit Trianon, or the Little Chateau, the gift of her husband, she was constantly thwarted by her ministers. The people called the delicate beauty "Austrian woman," and scowling at her often called her "Madame Deficit" and "Madame Veto."

Marie loved society and shocked the people by her

contempt for all ceremonies. She soon made many enemies among the highest families. From the very first she did not hesitate to interfere needlessly with the government. By this time she had become very haughty and felt that she was far superior to the people over whom she reigned.

From trying to entertain herself innocently with little pleasures the queen was driven into doing all kinds of wild deeds, and her freedom of manners grew rapidly until everybody was talking about the queen's ways. Marie kept her great influence over the king even in those days and she was constantly opposing all kinds of reforms. It was during these days that the dreadful French Revolution was sweeping through the country and many people were so worried and harrassed they scarcely knew what to do.

On the first of October, 1789, an enthusiastic reception was given to the queen at the guard's ball in Versailles. This aroused the indignation of the people even more generally than it had been, and was followed in a few days by an insurrection of women; and an attack was made on Versailles.

When the queen and her husband and children were practically prisoners she advised the royal family to flee, which ended in their capture and return. On the tenth of August, 1792, Marie heard the disposition of her husband pronounced by the Legislative Assembly and accompanied him to prison in the Temple. She showed the magnanimity of a heroine and the patient strength and endurance of a martyr in these days.

In January, 1793, Marie was forced to part from her husband who had been condemned to death. In August of the same year the queen was removed to the Conciergerie, and in October she was brought to trial before the revolution tribunal. By this time the dreadful French Revolution was raging in all its terrible fury, inciting people to commit all kinds of unjust deeds and atrocious crimes. The queen was accused of having dissipated the country's finances, of exhausting the treasury, of corresponding with foreign enemies of France, and of favoring domestic foes in the country.

Even in the midst of her greatest tribulation Marie remained perfectly calm and self-possessed and with firmness she defended herself against the accusations of the people, and heard the sentence of death pronounced for her with the same perfect serenity. She died on the guillotine on the sixteenth of October, 1793, meeting death as bravely as she had lived through the last turbulent years of her eventful life.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

She was gayer than a child!
Laughter in her eyes ran wild!
Words were kisses in her mouth!
She was queen of all the south!

SO wrote Alfred Noyes in his "Burial of a Queen" about Mary Stuart, better known as Mary, Queen of Scots, whose life story is one of the great tragedies of history. She has been called "the most beautiful, the weakest, the most attractive and most attracted of women." It is said that her wonderful beauty passed the bounds of modesty and decades later inflamed the imaginations of poets and artists into impassioned creation.

The serenity and dignity with which she met her tragic death is beautifully described by Schiller in his drama, "Maria Stuart." Swinburne and Noyes

wrote some of their most beautiful poetry in honor of her, and other poets have written powerful lines on the tragic intrigues and jealousies aroused by her great beauty.

Sometime in the winter of 1542, when all of Scotland was held in an icy grip and worse political storms were sweeping through the country, little Mary was born in the old castle of Linlithgow. All the country, as well as her dying father, the king of Scotland, was disappointed that she was not a boy. Only her mother, Mary of Lorraine, a princess of the family of Guise, was happy over the beautiful, laughing baby.

When the tiny baby was only a few hours old her father, King James V, died, and Mary became queen. It was reported throughout the kingdom that the little queen was sickly and likely to die, but her devoted nurse, Janet Sinclair, readily denied all such reports, for Mary was as healthy and lively as any child could be. No Scottish mother ever saw a fairer and sweeter baby and she was always smiling.

Court advisers thought it would be better to have Mary removed to Stirling Castle where she could be securely guarded, for in the land there were some who did not want the tiny child for their queen. So the sunniest and warmest room in the castle overlooking a beautiful lake was given to Mary. Here she grew and thrived, happy and carefree as any child. And here nine months later the baby was dressed in queenly robes, carried in state by lord-keepers and nobles to the church across the road, and solemnly crowned.

Invading Englishmen laid waste to Mary's kingdom and ever the affairs of the country grew worse. Men quarreled and fought over who should be Mary's future husband, while she grew and expanded like a rose, growing more lovely day by day. Four other little Marys were her playmates and together they had the delightful times of all children. Nothing troubled them and they were as gay and merry as any children could be.

War was drawing nearer and it was deemed safer for Mary to leave Stirling Castle for a time, so she was taken for refuge to the priory of Inchmahome, a little island in the Lake of Menteith. Mary was only five years old at this time but could speak French as well as English and was already learning history, geography and Latin. She was also quite an expert needlewoman and liked to embroider.

Meanwhile Mary's mother was anxiously pondering what would be best to do. She was a Frenchwoman and ever since coming to Scotland had yearned to go back to her childhood home; and she decided that it would be the best thing for her and her daughter to do. After days of tossing around in the ship the Stuart family landed on the coast of Brittany and were taken to the Castle of St. Germain. The little princes and princess welcomed Mary gayly, and she saw for the first time the Dauphin, who was later to be her husband. Soon the two became very good friends, and being about the same age studied and played together. Mary was also sent to a convent for a time.

When Mary was fifteen years old she was mar-

ried to the prince who afterward became King Francis II and the young queen's happy life seemed to have ended, for far too soon she knew tragic grief and sadness. In December, 1560, just seventeen months after his accession to the throne Mary's husband died, and in August of the next year Mary returned to Scotland. She did not like to leave France, for she had grown to like it very much.

Mary's calamities started with her second marriage to her cousin, Henry Stuart, called Lord Darnley, on the twenty-ninth of July, 1565. He was a Roman Catholic and immediately after the marriage the Earl of Moray and other of the Protestant lords joined together against the new order of affairs and determined to drive Queen Mary and her husband out. The lords themselves were forced to take refuge in England, but from that time Mary's great popularity began to decline.

Besides these troubles her husband proved to be weak and worthless and the young queen scarcely knew what to do. Try as she would she lost all respect and affection toward her husband and could not help but admire David Rizzio, an Italian courtier. Darnley, mad with jealousy, had Rizzio dragged from the supper room in Mary's presence and murdered.

After the birth of a son, who later became James VI of Scotland and James I of England, the queen and her husband became partly reconciled. At the close of the same year Darnley withdrew from court. Meanwhile Mary had grown very fond of James Hepburn, the Earl of Bothwell. While on a visit to

his father in Glasgow, Darnley fell ill. Mary visited him and another reconciliation took place and the queen insisted that her husband should be removed to Edinburgh. He was taken to a house close to the city wall and Mary cared for him herself, but during her absence at a masque the house was blown up by gunpowder and Darnley was found with marks of violence on his body. Bothwell was accused of the crime and the queen was suspected. Suspicion grew all the stronger when she was carried off by Bothwell to the Castle of Dunbar and married him on the fifteenth of May, three months later.

At this the Scots revolted and Bothwell fled to Dunbar, later to the Orkney Islands and finally to Denmark. The confederates first took Queen Mary to Edinburgh and then to Lochleven Castle where she was placed in the custody of Lady Douglas, mother of Lord Moray. A few days later eight letters and some poetry of the queen's were found, and were held to prove her guilt. On the twenty-fourth of June she was forced to sign a document giving the crown of Scotland to her infant son, and appointing the Earl of Moray regent during the boy's minority.

After spending about a year in prison Mary succeeded in escaping and assisted by some friends she made an effort to recover her power. But her forces were defeated by the regent's forces in the battle of Langside on the thirteenth of May, 1568, and she fled to England. She wrote to her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, begging for protection, but Elizabeth probably saw in Mary a possible aspirant to the Eng-

lish throne and refused to do anything for her till she had cleared herself from the charges made against her.

So for eighteen or nineteen years Mary was the prisoner of her cousin, and in that time her prisons were frequently changed. At last she was confined at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire. She was accused of being in a plot with Babington against Elizabeth's life and was tried by court and condemned to die on the twenty-fifth of October, 1586.

There followed a long delay in which the queen refused to sign the warrant for her cousin's death, but it was finally done on the first of February, 1587. Mary received the news very calmly, and died just as serenely seven days later.





MARIA MITCHELL

BORN of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency," so said Maria Mitchell of herself in later years when someone remarked on her wonderful ability and great strength of purpose. Although so unassuming and simple in commenting upon her own mental attainments Miss Mitchell's name is listed among the foremost of famous women of all time.

Maria was born the first of August, 1818, on the quiet, picturesque island of Nantucket. The Mitchells were Quakers. The father taught school for many years and had a great taste for astronomy, carrying on independent observations for years. There were two older children to play with little Maria and by and by other sisters and brothers came until there were ten children in the family.

All the children possessed different personalities, but every one of them was brought up to be honest and simple. From the very first Maria was lively and active, and her dark eyes glowed with vim and energy, lighting up her dark-skinned face with wonderful effectiveness.

Even before Maria started to school she liked to look through her father's excellent telescope and study the heavens, especially the stars. She and her brothers and sisters often wondered about the heavens; while their father would answer their numerous questions, so full of mystery to them, in the best way that he could with perfect ease, ever trying to get his children more and more interested in astronomy.

"It is the most wonderful thing on earth," he told his children, "to be able to know the stars, and it would be still more wonderful to find a new star no one had ever seen before."

From that time on the little Maria kept thinking of what her father had said. Again and again she wished that she might be able to find a marvelous comet, more brilliant and wonderful than any of the stars she saw in the sky.

Many boys and girls would think it was delightful to be taught by their fathers, but Maria knew that her parent was as strict a taskmaster as any teacher they could have employed. All of the little Mitchells went to their father's school and had to work as hard, or harder than any of the other pupils. But their father admitted that they were among the very best pupils. Maria was quick and intelligent and

her father and mother were always glad to help her and the other children outside of school hours.

Thus Maria's education progressed and she received the very best and most suitable education possible. The atmosphere of her home helped to give her a culture few girls of her age then possessed. No matter how busy she was with her schoolwork she always managed to spend some time with her father, observing the stars through the telescope and talking about them. As she learned more and more astronomy from her father her zeal for it grew and the wonderful mysteries of the heavens tantalized and lured her on to new and deeper studies. Maria was never idle and so the days of her childhood and early young girlhood passed in quiet happiness.

When Maria was sixteen years old she left school, but she kept on reading and studying whenever she had time, and many a spare minute was spent in some pretty place on the island in deep study. When Maria was eighteen years old she accepted a position as librarian of the Nantucket library, and was very happy to browse among the books. She had plenty of leisure time to devote to reading and studying. Long hours were used in observation, and she became more deeply interested than ever in science. Older people thought it was very queer for such a young girl to be interested in anything which seemed so difficult and unattractive. By this time Maria had learned all the astronomy that her father could teach her, besides having studied many books; and still she was not satisfied with her knowledge.

Half past ten o'clock on the first of October, 1847,

when the pretty island of Nantucket wrapped in its autumn brightness lay peacefully about the Mitchell home, Maria gazed through the beloved telescope with her usual quietness. Suddenly she gave a gasp for she thought she had seen a new comet. As she later said "an unknown comet, nearly vertical about Polaris, about five degrees." She trembled all over and was sure that she had not seen aright, for surely her eyes were deceiving her. Then she took another look, and still another, and closing her eyes she took still a third, and always saw the same comet.

"Surely, oh surely it can't be true," she gasped. Carefully she took the right ascension and declination, the measurement of the stars, and rushed to tell her father. That discovery first made Maria's name known, not only in this country, but throughout the world, and she was greeted as a remarkable astronomer.

About fifteen years before, the king of Denmark had offered a gold medal and twenty ducats to the person who first discovered a new comet. The award was given to Miss Mitchell. For the succeeding ten years Maria kept her position in the library and studied harder than ever. There were so many fascinating and mysterious things still to learn about the stars. During this time she also assisted in compiling the American Nautical Almanac.

In 1857 Maria went abroad and visited the most famous observatories in Europe. This trip gave her untold joy. Ever and ever more wonderful the heavens appeared to the eager, intelligent girl, and she yearned more than ever to be able to understand

their mysterious allure. Everywhere she went she was received with honor and distinction and made the acquaintance of many of the leading astronomers, whose talks she enjoyed immensely.

She was also elected a member of several important scientific societies, though often in the midst of the greatest acclaim she remembered the little child she had been with the great thirst to know the stars. Again and again she wondered if she were any nearer to the stars than she was in those days when in her ignorance she thought her adored father knew all there was to know about astronomy.

Upon her return to this country Miss Mitchell was agreeably surprised to find that her friends had erected for her, during her absence abroad, an excellent observatory in which she continued her astronomical studies until 1865. In 1860, shortly after her return home, her mother died, and desiring to be nearer Boston the family removed to Lynn where she bought a house for \$1,650.

In 1865 Maria was invited to become Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, a position she accepted, and became an excellent teacher. How she delighted in telling her pupils about the magic things she herself had discovered about the stars. Besides her constant and successful teaching she wrote several essays and many scientific papers, which still remain uncollected.

Miss Mitchell was a woman of liberal and enlightened opinions upon religious and social affairs, and gave much of her strength, time, and ability to further the advancement of her ideals. Her quiet

influence upon the pupils she taught and the people she was constantly meeting was profound and beautiful. Even Maria's active body had to stop at last and in the morning of the twenty-eighth of June, 1889, she died at Lynn, leaving behind her in the hearts of the people who knew her one of the most beautiful and gentle memories ever left by anyone.





LUCRETIA MOTT

NO one ever lived with a bigger and more sympathetic heart than that of Lucretia Coffin Mott, who is known among women even as Abraham Lincoln is known among famous men, as the friend of the negro. It was because of her loving work in behalf of these people that they began to call her "The Black Man's Goddess of Liberty."

Off the coast of Massachusetts is a snug, pretty little island known as Nantucket, and it was here that the Coffins lived and that Lucretia was born on the third of January, 1793. The pleasant, comfortable home in which Lucretia was born is still standing on Fair and School Streets and doubtless one day will be a world shrine.

Lucretia's father was a captain and took many long and adventurous voyages, mostly to China, so

his children saw him only at long intervals. Mrs. Coffin was a gentle, sensible woman and kept a little shop in one room of the house in which they lived in which she sold things brought by her husband from across the seas. The Coffins were Quakers, and Lucretia and her sisters and brothers were brought up in that faith and given the kind, strict training that the Friends gave to their children.

Lucretia grew into a merry-eyed, dark-haired child whom everyone was ready to trust with errands or anything else. Everyone loved the gentle-voiced little girl and her older sister, Eliza, and they had many a pleasant time playing on the island. When their mother went to the mainland for supplies she left the two little girls in charge of the younger children, and they always did their duties faithfully. How all the children waited and watched for the sails of vessels, and how eagerly did the little Coffins look forward to the coming home of their father.

When Lucretia was twelve years old her father decided to give up traveling the stormy seas and so the family went to Boston to live, where Mr. Coffin started in business. Lucretia and her sisters regretted leaving the island, but the little girl was very anxious to get an education, and the children were sent almost immediately to a private school. Although Lucretia liked to study she also liked to meet people, and the private school seemed rather a stupid place, so she was delighted when a short time later they were all sent to a public school.

In after life Lucretia often thought of the happy

change and of the effect it had on her at that time. Even though she had a quick temper and would often get into arguments with the other pupils, Lucretia made many friends. So well did she study that she soon caught up with the pupils of her age, and in a short time had left them behind, and so when she was only fifteen years old she was made an assistant teacher in one of the boarding schools she had attended.

Although her teaching duties kept Lucretia very busy she was still anxious to keep up with her own studies, so she enrolled in a French class taught by James Mott, another youthful teacher. Lucretia kept up her teaching duties till she was twenty-five years old, when she and Mr. Mott were married and went to Philadelphia to live. Here James went into business, while Lucretia opened up a school in order to help him as well as to gain more knowledge for herself. Later on, when her husband became more prosperous, she gave up her school and devoted her time to other interests, but no matter how busy she was she always found time for some study, even though she had to hold one of her babies on her lap while doing so.

In 1818 Lucretia was often heard speaking at Quaker meetings, and it was at these gatherings that she learned that she could speak and make people pay attention to what she was saying. Soon she became one of the leaders in the Society of Friends and was noted for her eloquence of speech. One day she gave a prayer that was so full of appeal that Lucretia's friends urged her to take up speaking.

In 1833 she organized an anti-slavery society, for all of her life she had been interested in the negroes; and various incidents and tales that had come to her had awakened her deepest sympathy. At that time it took great courage and strength to oppose slavery, but Lucretia had them, and though often her old friends met her on the street and passed without speaking she had the courage to follow the dictates of her own heart.

In 1840 Mrs. Mott went to London to attend the World Convention, and there she heard many prominent people speak on reform work; and she decided that she must work even harder for the freedom of the slaves. At this convention there was asked the question whether women had the same rights as men, which puzzled Mrs. Mott gravely for a time. Later this resulted in the establishment of the Woman's Rights Movement, in which she was a great leader. Every society and organization for the reform or betterment of people wanted Mrs. Mott as a leader or helper, and so she was kept very active in this kind of work.

All fugitive slaves knew that the Mott home was a kindly refuge, and many a runaway slave was helped by this family to gain the borders of Canada through the "Underground Railroad." Through misfortunes Mr. Mott lost most of his business, and once again the courageous Lucretia opened up a school, and was the same kind, understanding teacher she had been before.

So Mrs. Mott continued giving of her best services, sacrificing herself because of her love for justice and

her understanding sympathy until her death in 1880. Over her casket some one said pleadingly, "Will no one say anything?" Another voice answered sadly, "Who can speak? The preacher is dead." No one has left a more beautiful and loving memory behind than has this gentle Quakeress, and the negroes have erected several handsome monuments and statues in her honor. But the greatest memory of her still lives in their thankful hearts.





FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good Heroic womanhood.

Longfellow.

THUS wrote one of our American poets in his beautiful poem, "Santa Filomena," which is a tribute to Florence Nightingale, one of the most unselfish and noblest women who ever lived. Miss Nightingale was known as the "Lady with the Lamp," and also as the "Angel of the Crimea," and "Santa Filomena," names all given her by the devoted sufferers, whom she helped by her gentle service.

Florence Nightingale was born May the twelfth, 1820, in Florence, Italy, and was given the name of the wonderful city of her birth. Her father was a

rich English squire, and she had one elder sister, Frances. Their childhood was sheltered and happy, and the small girls had opportunities and happy times that many other girls do not have. When Florence was still a child her parents went to Derbyshire, England, to live. Here she received most of her education. Their parents believed in giving Florence and her sister the best education, and the two girls were given a classical training far in advance of that which most women obtained in those days. Both of the girls attended private schools, and were attentive students.

Even while still a child Florence was happiest when she was nursing some sick animal, broken doll, or ailing child. Long before she grew into womanhood she would travel many miles to visit the sick or infirm. While still in her teens she was known for her skill and kindness in the sick rooms throughout Derbyshire.

Florence Nightingale's social position was such that she could have spent her time in social life, and be nothing but a "butterfly." But she scorned such a life, and refused to consider marriage, or any other career except nursing. While still in her twenties she traveled through Ireland, England, and Scotland, making a study of the hospitals and their conditions. She met many distinguished persons on these trips, and was presented at several courts. Her sister married Lord Verney.

In order to prepare herself more thoroughly for her chosen profession, Miss Nightingale urged her father to let her attend the Protestant Sisters' of

Mercy school at Kaiserwerth, Germany, which was the most advanced school of nursing in those days. After finishing the course in that institution she went to Paris to study.

On her return to England Miss Nightingale showed so much executive ability in the hospitals in carrying out the things she had been taught, that she was at once recognized as a genius. Hitherto all the nursing in the hospitals had been done by untrained women, but with Miss Nightingale's coming the deplorable conditions changed soon. Many persons wondered why a woman of her education and refinement would undertake such a work, but her heart was in it. She became the most popular woman in England, and Queen Victoria became her intimate friend. King Edward, who had been one of Miss Nightingale's childhood friends, and his wife, Queen Alexandra, were frequent callers.

In 1854 tales of the severe suffering of the British soldiers in the Crimea came to England. The news was rigidly suppressed, but enough became known to impress the more sympathetic women with the terrible conditions in that far away country. Miss Nightingale at once wrote to the British secretary of war, offering her services as a nurse, and was accepted.

On October the twenty-fourth, 1854, at the head of thirty-seven trained assistants Miss Nightingale left London, arriving in Scutari just in time to be of service to the great number of wounded after the Battle of Balaklava. The gentle woman had never seen such confusion and suffering; most of the sur-

geons were dying or dead; there were no medicines, beds or cots, not even clean bandages for the wounded. Undaunted, the brave nurse began an inspection, and with her boundless resources and enthusiasm soon had everything in better condition.

It was not long before Miss Nightingale was given entire charge of the hospital services of the British troops, as well as in the field. She worked so unceasingly that she was prostrated, and never again regained her health, being an invalid for forty-five years. After the Battle of Inkerman there were 18,000 wounded soldiers. They were brought to a hospital that was filthy and unsanitary, where they lay uncared for, hungry and discouraged, until Miss Nightingale came. So great was her ability that after her supervision of the hospital the death rate dropped from forty-two per cent to two per cent. It was Miss Nightingale's practice every night to make a complete inspection of the hospital camps, carrying a lamp. As she passed, the greater part of the soldiers, in gratefulness, threw kisses at her shadow on the wall. Longfellow has beautifully described her passage through the hospitals in these lines:

A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room,
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

A British man-of-war was sent to bring Miss Nightingale home from the war zones, and a great

reception was to be given for her at London. Hearing of the reception that they were preparing for her homecoming, the courageous woman slipped from the British vessel onto a French ship, and landed unnoticed. The grateful English people raised a fund of \$150,000 for her, but despite her real need of money Miss Nightingale refused to take it for her personal use. With this fund she founded the Nightingale Home for Nurses at Saint Thomas Hospital in London.

Though confined much of the time to her room, Miss Nightingale continued to supervise the hospital conditions of Great Britain and other European countries. She was officially consulted in regard to conditions in the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War and the Spanish-American War. Her spare moments she devoted to writing numerous articles and books about her work.

The noble woman died in London on August the fourteenth, 1910. According to her own wishes she was buried in the graveyard of St. Paul's Church.



OUIDA, or LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

THE name of Ouida is familiar to nearly every school girl, and is a loved one among young people as well as children, but if the author's true name is mentioned it is scarcely ever recognized. Yet the quaint name of "Ouida" grew out of Louise, for that was the nearest that the little girl could come to pronouncing her own name.

The early details of Louise's life are hidden in mystery, and if she had had her way all of her later life would have been the same. Louise was born sometime in 1839 at Bury St. Edmunds, in London, and grew up in Paris. Although Louise was rather shy and timid she was always fond of society and the gay Parisian life held a great attraction for the wistful, dreamy child. Louise was the darling of her father's heart and his constant companion. Although

the father was a bright, intelligent man, he was passionately fond of gambling. As soon as Louise could toddle she often went with him, and it was soon discovered that she had inherited this trait from her parent.

Louise was brought up in rather a careless fashion, although love and tender care was never wanting. There was nothing that Louise liked to do better than to write down the thoughts that ran through her active little brain in such a turmoil. Although Louise liked social life she was also passionately fond of reading, and in stories found much of the life that she longed for so ardently.

Early in the sixties, Louise and her mother went to London to live, and at first the city seemed cold and strange to the warm-hearted young girl, but by and by she became very fond of it. London was so large, so full of life, and it seemed to give her a better chance to study the animals, especially dogs, that she loved so passionately. Here, too, she met the guardsmen in their flashing costumes, and they later took an important place in her writings. By this time Louise had written some fiction which showed decided talent, and one of her earliest stories had men from the army as heroes.

Louise and her mother had hardly become settled in their modest lodgings when the young girl began to write prolifically and brilliantly. Even at this time her stories revealed a gift of picturesque description and strong dramatic sense, though at times they were over-sentimental. During these years Louise published in quick succession many of her

stories, the first being "Held in Bondage," appearing in the *London New Monthly Magazine* in 1863. Then followed "Strathmore," "Chandos" and "Under Two Flags" and by this time the young author had become famous as well as wealthy.

Louise and her mother went to the Langham Hotel, where they entertained brilliantly, living in the midst of the greatest splendor, for having been comparatively poor neither of them knew what it was to have a great amount of money. Here the greatest literary people of England came to call upon Louise, as did the guardsmen in their flaming red coats, who were as much the heroes of Louise's heart as they were of her books, and she doubtless preferred their admiration to that of the literary folk.

Louise had introduced a peculiar kind of art, differing greatly from the English fiction then appearing, and yet so simple and whole-souled that it appealed to the people. Her books sold by the millions, and Louise grew ever gayer and more of a social butterfly.

When her books were most in demand and Louise was at the highest point of her career she and her mother went to Florence to live. Florence was Louise's delight and the swirl of life in the beautiful city took a great hold upon her and carried her away on its wings. One can still hear stories of the Ramées' terrible extravagance while living in Florence.

However, she was not too absorbed to discontinue writing. She produced several children's books among which were "A Child of Urbino," "Moufflon"

and "A Dog of Flanders," all of which have since become classics.

Amid such a life it is scarcely any wonder that Louise's work began to break down. She no longer put the same passionate feelings and work into her writing that she had done. All of her finer emotions were dulled and blunted, and the gaieties of society like gaunt ghosts kept urging her to plunge deeper and deeper. Even Louise's style of writing seemed to change, and "In Winter City" and "Moths" she lost all of her beauty of presentation shown so deeply in her other books.

It was while in Florence that Louise met an Italian gentleman, with whom she speedily fell deeply in love. With all the passion of her boundless emotion during this time she could think of nothing else. The affair proved to be very unfortunate. Broken-hearted, Louise plunged into countless fresh extravagances to try and throw off the terrible depression which seized her.

She could not write as she did in her early years, try as she would, and when she did write something it would not sell, and ever the money she had earned grew less and less. Never did anyone plunge so abjectly from riches to poverty as did Louise, and toward the last of her life only friendly contributions kept her from starvation.

At last Louise passed away on the twenty-fifth of January, 1908, in her Italian home.



Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

FEW writers have written more delightful and interesting stories than has Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. All her stories have interesting plots, and she was a conscientious and clear writer. Each word was carefully selected, chosen to express her exact meaning, and fitted to another word as skillfully as an artist mixes his colors.

Elizabeth Phelps was born August 31, 1844, in the renowned city of Boston. She was the daughter of Austin Phelps, who was a famous minister, and became professor of Homiletics in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Massachusetts, when Elizabeth was four years old. Her grandfather, Moses Stuart, was another distinguished professor in the same theological seminary, so perhaps it was but natural that the small girl should become interested

in religion and literature at an early age. And instead of romping about, as so many children do, she took books from her father's library, and read them, pondering deeply over the things she failed to understand.

The Phelps believed in giving their daughter every chance for an education, and Elizabeth was sent to the best private schools, and also taught by her father. He saw that no branch of her education was neglected, and his strong, gentle influence did much to help her grow into the noble, beautiful woman she was in after life.

Her father carefully developed her mind, discussing with her many subjects that comparatively few girls of her age would be able to understand. She began writing stories, while still a child, and her father took a keen interest in her talent, encouraging her to develop it and criticising her work whenever he saw ways of improving it. She was her father's constant companion and imbibed many of his thoughts and ideas.

When she finished her school education Miss Phelps devoted her time to mission work in a factory settlement near her home. Here she came into contact with all kinds of persons, and incidents, which she later vividly described in her books. Her noble character and influence helped many, and she was regarded by many as a saint.

She wrote several well-known juvenile books and sketches. Her "Trotty" and "Gypsy" stories for children were widely read, and are still loved by juvenile readers. But it is for her novels that she is best

known. Among the first of her work to be published was a sketch entitled "The Tenth of January," giving a romantic and vivid description of a terrible accident happening when the Pemberton Mills fell at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

"A Sacrifice Consumed," a war story, was printed in Harper's Magazine in 1864, and made Miss Phelps known in her own State as a popular writer. Afterward she was a frequent contributor to this magazine, but she gained her real fame with the publication of "Gates Ajar" in 1898. This is probably her best and most popular book. The story is very touching and fanciful, centered about life after death, and at the time of its publication, as well as afterward, received much adverse criticism. It has been translated in French, German, Dutch, and Italian, and is usually found in every religious library.

Miss Phelps wrote other books, the best known among these being "The Gates Between" and "Beyond the Gates," which are sequels of the "Gates Ajar," and continue the discussion of life after death. These books contain beautiful thoughts, descriptions and fancies. Among her other books are "A Singular Life," "A Silent Partner," "Jack the Fisherman," "Story of Avis," "Dr. Zay" and "A Madonna of the Tubs," many of these being written while Miss Phelps was still a young woman.

In 1888, Miss Phelps, then a mature woman of forty-four, was married to Herbert Ward, who was also interested in literature. Together they wrote several books, the most popular being, "Mates of the Magicians," "Come Forth," and "The Lost Hero."

Aside from these volumes Mrs. Ward is known to the literary world by her maiden name.

Content in the belief that her life had not been lived entirely in vain, and faithfully believing in a life after death, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward died in 1911.





MOLLY PITCHER

MOLLY PITCHER is a name familiar to every student of history, yet strangely enough very little is known about the life of this courageous woman, and some there are who doubt that such a woman ever lived. Few persons have been known by more names than Molly Pitcher.

Molly Pitcher was really never Molly's right name, but it is by this queer name that she is best known in history. When the tiny blue-eyed baby was born she was christened Mary Ludwig, and it was by this name she was known all through her childhood and young womanhood.

For years and years, after Molly's death, it was believed that she was of Irish parentage and a true Irish maiden herself, but her granddaughter, Polly McCleester, declared vehemently that her grand-

mother "was as Dutch as sauerkraut." So those who have been fancying her as a little Irish girl will have to picture anew a laughing, gay-hearted, active, little Dutch girl.

Molly liked her pretty home snuggled amidst the New Jersey hills and here she grew up. She liked to go to school and tried always to get her lessons, but best of all she liked to study history and read about the daring things that men had accomplished. Sometimes she wondered why the names of no women were ever mentioned in history and dreamed about the brave things that she would like to do if she ever had a chance. As Molly grew older she heard her father and others talking about the grave things that were troubling the colonists. Molly could not understand what many of these things meant when she first heard them, but in later years she too joined in these discussions.

When Molly was sixteen years old her parents went to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to live, and as they were very poor the young girl searched for work that she could do. At last she found a place where they wanted a "hired girl," and she began her new task with great earnestness, determined to do the very best that she could. Molly was that kind of girl. She was not afraid of work or anything that was right, and her heart was full of patriotic loyalty for her country, as were the hearts of so many of her countrymen at this time.

Molly soon learned to like the beautiful Pennsylvania town with its quaint buildings and customs quite as well as her old home in New Jersey. Sev-

eral happy years passed. Molly was so busy and so happy in doing her work well that she never seemed troubled about how hard it was or about the things she missed that wealthier girls had. Then one day she met John Hayes, a very good looking young man working in a barber shop in the same block where Molly was employed. Somehow his bright smile seemed to captivate the dreamy heart of Molly and by and by the two were married.

The Hayes had hardly time to plan for a home when the Revolutionary War began, and on the first of December, 1775, Molly's John enlisted as a gunner in Proctor's Artillery. He was just as loyal a patriot as was Molly and after talking it over together both decided that was the only thing he could do, much as they regretted to part. "Don't worry, dear Molly," he comforted as he left, "I'll be back soon." With a bright smile and a gay wave of her hand Molly parted with him, watching his handsome form as far as she could see. The days of the war went by and turned into years, and though Molly's heart grew sadder she never repented that her husband had gone to the war of his own free will, and she kept so busy herself that she had little time for sorrow. In January, 1777, young Hayes reenlisted as a private in an infantry regiment commanded by Colonel William Irvin, who later became a general.

Hayes was one of the members of the regiment that spent that dreadful winter of 1777-78 with Washington at Valley Forge. Here the gallant young man suffered with the rest, only many of them

had no letters and no little gifts from home. Hayes, on the other hand, was always being remembered by his loving Molly, and thoughts of her made the terrible hunger and cold easier to bear.

In the springtime the army marched out and Hayes was as ready as any of the soldiers to fight when the opportunity came. During these hard days for the young soldier Molly had a hard time, too. She had been forced to return to her old home in New Jersey. After the winter passed, Molly, as so many other wives of soldiers did at that time, joined her husband in the army and helped with the cooking, washing and other work. Her bright spirit was a real inspiration to all the soldiers.

The twenty-eighth day of June, 1778, was one of the hottest days ever known in New Jersey, and it was on this day that the Battle of Monmouth, one of the most terrible struggles in history, was fought. The wild, intense excitement, the terrible heat, the deafening noise, and the hard work made the soldiers very tired and thirsty and many a strong man fainted and even died for lack of water.

Molly, busy with her kitchen duties, soon noticed how terribly hot the day was, even early in the morning, and she hurriedly picked up a pitcher and went out to a nearby well and filled it. Soon she was rushing back and forth with the pitcher in her hand, and the soldiers cried, "Molly Pitcher, Molly Pitcher," in all kinds of voices. With dauntless energy Molly kept hurrying back and forth with the water, then as she was passing near her husband, while the bullets spat about her and the swirling dust and smoke

clouds filled the air, she was horrified to see Hayes fall to the ground, with hands still upraised to the cannon he was trying to fire.

“Wheel back that cannon! There’s no one here to serve it!” cried the commander, but before the order could be obeyed Molly dropped her pitcher and cried, “I can fire it!” The sturdy young Molly knew how to fire a cannon as well as many a man who served in the army, and thereafter she fired it as rapidly as she could with sweat running down her cheeks and her hair hanging about.

She worked as hard as any of the soldiers to win that battle. Afterward Molly was pleased to know that it was the only battle in the Revolutionary War in which there was a representative from each of the thirteen colonies.

George Washington was greatly pleased with Molly’s heroic service and sent her his deepest thanks, having had his attention called to her daring service by General Greene. Washington gave Molly a warrant as a sergeant in the army. Forty-four years after the Battle of Monmouth the legislature of Pennsylvania awarded her a small annuity.

Brave young John Hayes was found to be badly wounded when the battle was done, but he recovered and he and his wife returned to Carlisle to live. Here a little boy came to them. Young John Ludwig was quite as brave as his father and mother and he fought in the War of 1812. He won the same military title that had been given to his mother. But the father did not live to see his son grow into a young man, as he died in 1787.

Several lonely and hard years passed for Molly. Somehow she had not the same heart to work as she had before and her little son required so much of her attention. She missed her husband so much and there seemed nothing to do but wash and scrub and work from dawn till dark. In 1792, John McCauley, a friend of Hayes, persuaded Molly to marry him. He had been a soldier too, but he lacked the good qualities that Hayes had had, and he preferred to sleep instead of work and poor Molly had a harder time than ever. For ten or twelve years life went on like this and then Molly's second husband died.

Time passed on and Molly worked to support herself and her son. Her heart grew lighter and the days became some brighter. Then on the twenty-sixth of January, 1832, Molly died in the little village in which she had lived for over forty years. She was buried in the cemetery at Carlisle and on a plain stone monument, standing on a pedestal over her grave, are these words:

Mollie McCaulay
Renowned in History as Mollie Pitcher
The Heroine of Monmouth
Died, January, 1832, aged 79 years.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County,
July 4, 1876.



POCAHONTAS

NEARLY every boy and girl, who has studied history, is familiar with the name of Pocahontas and knows the story of how this brave little Indian girl saved the life of John Smith, the white man. But were we to call the Indian girl by her rightful name, there would be few who would know about whom we were talking, for who would ever guess that Pocahontas' real name was Mataoka? The name of Pocahontas, which means "tomboy" in the Indian language, was given to the child very early in life.

Nowhere in history can we find just when or where the little Mataoka was born, but it was sometime in the year 1595 and somewhere along the

James River in Virginia. She was a very lively, active baby, and grew into a strong, sturdy child, afraid of nothing and full of an adventurous and daring spirit.

Her father was the famous Powhatan, chief of the Chickahominy tribe, and his relations and dealings with the white settlers brought the little girl into frequent contact with citizens of Jamestown, the newly settled Virginia colony.

Mataoka did not act like a princess at all, and delighted in playing with the little boys of her tribe. "They play so much nicer. I like so much better to do what they do than what the little old squaws do," she laughed.

Soon the little girl became an excellent shot with the bow and arrow. Her father often said it was a pity that she had not been a boy. But, best of all, Mataoka liked to turn handsprings, and in this stunt she was the most graceful and quickest of all the children in camp.

One cold, stormy day a group of Indians was sitting around a blazing fire in a log house built along the James River, telling stories to each other, while the children laughed and played. Among the noisiest and merriest of these was the little Mataoka. Suddenly the curtain parted, and Rabunta, the Indian runner, came dashing in.

Just at that instant Mataoka turned one of her surprising handsprings, and, not seeing the messenger, collided with him and knocked him down. The Indians began to roar with laughter, but Powhatan was amazed and very angry at his daughter's ac-

tions. "Mataoka, this is not a maiden's play. Will you never cease to be a pocahontas?" he cried. The other children caught up the name and the other Indians joined in the jeering, and it was so that the little Mataoka was rechristened Pocahontas, a nickname which stayed with her all the rest of her life.

"I have news," gasped the runner as he paused for breath. "The white captain is caught!" Everybody grew excited and crowded around the messenger, everybody but little Pocahontas.

But even if she did not crowd up to Rabunta, she heard what he was saying. Her heart almost stopped beating when she heard how two hundred of the Indians had hid behind trees and rocks until they saw the captain, and then chased him into a bog and made him their prisoner. The runner explained how at first they had intended killing the white captain, but then thought it would be more fun to bring him into the village and kill him the next day.

Pocahontas looked proudly at her father. Surely he was very kind-hearted, she thought.

The Indians began telling how the white captive had shot at them. "Then, he, too, must die; that is the Indian custom," ordered her father; "let him be brought in at once." The young braves brought in two great stones and placed them in front of Powhatan, then seized the prisoner and brought him before the chief and dragged his head down till it touched the stones.

Pocahontas could bear no more, and, jumping forward, she took John Smith's head in her arms and shielded him with her body. The men, not knowing

what to do, stopped as they were raising their axes to strike, and Pocahontas begged her father to spare the white captain's life. "Kill! Kill!" some of the Indians kept yelling, but the little girl maintained that she was right, and her father raised his hand. The clamor ceased and Smith was freed.

Capt. John Smith looked at the attractive little girl who had saved his life, and, reaching into his pocket, brought out a little trinket, and, giving it to her, asked her name. Now, it was the custom of the Chickahominy tribe not to tell any English people their names, so the father replied: "Pocahontas."

From that time the little Indian girl and the white man were good friends, and she became loyal and friendly to the Jamestown settlement. At least three times did she steal into Jamestown and warn them of Indian raids. She also told Captain Smith of a plan to attack him while he was bringing in provisions.

In 1609 John Smith returned to England, and Pocahontas no longer visited Jamestown. When she heard that he was dead she grieved deeply, and the friendship between the Indians and English ceased.

In April, 1612, a British soldier, by the name of Captain Argall, conceived a plan by which he hoped to persuade Powhatan to keep peace forever with the English. Pocahontas was urged to visit Chief Japazaw on the Potomac River, friend of the girl and her father. Captain Argall promised the Japazaws a wonderful copper kettle if they would help in his plans for kidnapping Pocahontas and holding her for ransom.

As Mrs. Japazaw and the girl walked along the river bank they got to talking about the English ships lying near by, and the old lady mentioned how she had always wanted to go aboard one, but was afraid to go alone. So Pocahontas offered to accompany her. When they got aboard, Pocahontas was made a prisoner and a message was sent stating that they would release her if all the Englishmen, tools, guns, swords and other things he had taken, were returned by her father. For three months Chief Powhatan did not reply, and then he sent back only a few of the men and guns, so the English held Pocahontas longer. They were very good to her and she grew very fond of them.

Among the English settlers was a young man by the name of John Rolfe, who learned to love the Indian maiden very much. They consulted Governor Dale about the marriage, to which he agreed, as did also Powhatan, and they were married early in April, 1614.

Soon a little son came to them, and they called him Thomas. They went to Bermuda Hundred, a new plantation on the James River, where Rolfe raised tobacco.

Pocahontas soon learned English and the Christian religion, and it was not long before she became so well educated that for awhile she had no desire to return to her father and her people.

In 1616 the Rolfe family started for England, where she was received with royal splendor and entertained lavishly at banquets, theaters and receptions, all of which were very strange to the little



Pocahontas Warns the Settlers

Indian maiden. Here she was nicknamed "La Belle Sauvage," as a compliment to her beauty and grace.

So it was that, when John Smith returned from one of his adventurous explorations, he heard every one talking about Pocahontas. He at once went to visit her, and her joy was unbounded to find that her white friend was not dead after all.

But, amid all this excitement, Pocahontas longed for her wilderness home; she missed her wild ways and the clean, pure country air. She began to look pale and tired. Her husband grew alarmed and wanted to start for America at once, but he could not until the ship loaded its supplies. At last the word came that everything was ready, and, just as they were helping Pocahontas aboard, a greater weakness overcame her and in a short time she died. She was buried in the church graveyard at Gravesend, near London, where the record of her death and her tomb may still be seen.

Little Thomas was cared for and educated by an uncle in London and later became a merchant. Perhaps his mother's love for her wilderness home prompted him later to return to Virginia, where one of his descendants was William H. Harrison, President of the United States, and another was John Randolph, a famous Congressman of his time.



Adelaide Proctor

ADELAIDE PROCTOR

PROBABLY no poems ever written express the sweetness and contentment of an author's daily life as do those of Adelaide Anne Proctor, and for this statement Charles Dickens was an ardent authority. Miss Proctor's father, Bryan Waller Proctor, better known to the literary world as "Barry Cornwell," a well-known and gifted writer, was an intimate friend of Dickens. Among Mr. Proctor's other friends were Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, the eminent statesman.

Reared in such an atmosphere of literature and culture Adelaide probably heard few conversations save those which dealt with words, their values and uses. So it is not surprising that she had courage to try anonymously her own fortune in the world which had welcomed her father so enthusiastically.

Bryan Waller Proctor and his gentle wife rejoiced greatly when the little Adelaide came to them in their London home on the thirtieth of October, 1825. Even his friends could feel the new thrill and hope in the poems which the ardent young father composed after that, but the praises that he received for his writing did not please him half as much as those bestowed upon his tiny daughter.

The Proctors thought she was the most wonderful baby they had ever seen, and all the neighbors remarked upon her good nature and happy smile even long before she could toddle about. Everyone loved the little Adelaide at that time just as they did when she grew older, and no one has ever lived who had a kinder, tenderer and more understanding heart.

Adelaide was a remarkable child, and soon proved to others beside her loving parents and friends, that she possessed a precocious ability, but even this did not impress her father with the idea that she had inherited any of his writing talent. From the very first the little girl showed her love for reading and composing, which perhaps her parents might have observed had they been less fond of her.

Charles Dickens used to tell of how the little girl, before she herself was old enough to write, had her mother make a neat little album of blank pieces of paper on which she had her copy her favorite verses and which Adelaide read over and over again. In after life the young woman said, "No other book was ever quite so dear to me, and I think it was from those shabby pages I first learned to appreciate true poetry."

As Adelaide grew older she was taught the studies she should know; besides she was learning French, German, and Italian and learning to play the piano. Possessing a marked talent for drawing, her parents urged her to devote much of her time to this study. Even in these days Adelaide would scribble rhymes secretly, which when she put them beside her father's seemed so poor and jumbled she was ashamed to show them to anyone. So her father never knew she did any writing until her first poem appeared in print.

The Proctors were Roman Catholics and Adelaide was brought up to be a devout worshiper. Almost as soon as she could walk the little girl delighted in visiting the sick and sorrowful, teaching the ignorant, sympathizing with the sad and helping wherever she could, and as she grew older her beautiful nature expanded. She was always busy, for there were so many little deeds to be done which other folk seemed to overlook and nothing made Adelaide happier than to make others happy in her own sweet way.

So the years passed and Adelaide grew in knowledge, and in the desire to give expression to the beautiful thoughts which surged in her active brain. But it never seemed to her that her modest ambition seemed worth while to confide to her talented father and so she clasped it to her own heart with an ever increasing hunger and tenderness.

Then early in the year of 1853 Charles Dickens noticed among the heap of contributions on his office table to the *Household Words*, of which he was

editor, a poem bearing the signature of *Mary Berwick*. He read the poem over carefully and slowly and it seemed to him unusually good. He read it again and was impressed even more by its calm, deep beauty. Its very simpleness seemed to attract him as few things had and he read it again and again, and with each reading liked it better. He immediately wrote to the author accepting the poem and asking for others. For two years Miss Proctor continued sending her poems to this periodical and became a well known and popular writer.

During the greater part of this time Charles Dickens greatly admired the simple rhythmical quality of the poems and their touching sentiment pictured in such a charming manner, having no idea that the author was the daughter of his dear friend, Proctor.

Then one day Dickens went to dine with the Proctors and carried with him a copy of the *Household Words* in which Adelaide's poem "The Seven Poor Travelers" appeared. "A remarkable poem," Dickens said referring to this poem, "and a very clever one. Its author must be a wonderful woman." Adelaide at the opposite side of the table, blushed and smiled, but Dickens was too engrossed in listening to the comments of Bryan Proctor to pay any attention to the daughter.

Adelaide considered this too good a joke to let go without telling Dickens about it, so the very next day the talented author himself was surprised to be informed that Mary Berwick was Adelaide Proctor. Perhaps Dickens felt then that he knew very little

about the inner working of his most intimate friends' minds, otherwise he could have told that the beautiful poems he had been publishing had been born in a Proctor mind.

Soon there was issued a slim little book of poems of Adelaide's called "The Book of Beauty," and in 1862 another little volume of verse called "A Chaplet of Verses" appeared. The second book had been published for the benefit of the London Night Refuge. After the publication of these books many of her earlier poems appeared in various papers and magazines, and another book, "Legends and Lyrics" was also published.

During all this time Miss Proctor never ceased her charitable labors and so we are not surprised to read that she died of overwork. Even when her failing health warned her to be careful of her strength, the tender-hearted woman kept on with her labors of love, until she could no longer move about. Then for fifteen months she lay sorely distressed with pain. But never once in all those long, weary months did she speak one impatient word nor complain, for the soul that could write so happily could also live that way in her daily life.

While still comparatively a young woman, hardly having reached the zenith of her literary success, and with a beautiful future before her, she died in her London home on the second of February, 1864. Her last words were uttered with the same bright smile wreathing her face which she wore so much of the time, and reflected her calm, noble spirit. "It has come at last!" she said.



BETSY ROSS

“The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads.”

THE foregoing poem was written in memory of Betsy Ross, the handsome, sturdy colonial woman who made our first flag. No woman of Revolutionary times is more familiar to us than Betsy Ross, even though in those stirring days there lived many a brave and courageous woman who would dare almost anything for her home and her country.

Betty's maiden name was Elizabeth Griscom. She was the daughter of Samuel Griscom, a Quaker, who helped to build Independence Hall and was a noted shipbuilder. Betsy was born in 1752, and her

blue sparkling eyes seemed always happy. Even when she was yet a tiny baby her mother took great pride in her fair complexion and fluffy brown hair, and from a pretty baby she grew into an attractive child.

In those days all the little girls were taught by their mothers to sew and do almost everything else that could be done around a house. Betsy's little fingers could hardly hold a needle when she first began sewing, and many a time their poor little tips were sore and bleeding from accidental pricks. Betsy liked to sew, but it was tiresome work when she would so much rather run outside and play or read.

Betsy's parents believed in bringing up their children to be honest, active and helpful and even when she was still going to school the little girl would often help a sick neighbor. With the good training that her Quaker parents gave her Betsy grew into a refined, sympathetic woman, well known throughout Philadelphia, the city in which she lived all of her life. She was always among the first to offer her services, and during the Revolutionary War she comforted many a sick soldier. Those who were in need always spoke of Betsy as a true friend.

When Betsy was twenty years old she married John Ross, son of George Ross, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a nephew of another signer. Ross was an upholsterer and had a shop at 239 Arch Street, where Betsy went to live with him. By this time Betsy was well known throughout Philadelphia and New York, as well as in smaller towns, for her beautiful needlework.

Her mother's constant and patient training had wrought greater results than even that gentle lady had anticipated. A dozen or more women were employed constantly in the little old-fashioned brick house on Arch Street, but none of them could sew quite as finely as Betsy herself. Here in the neat, comfortable little house Betsy and her husband and children lived for many years. Betsy was a shrewd business woman and she was one of the chief importers of velvets, silks and satins of that day, which with her artistic talent she created into marvelous designs.

The Ross establishment grew by leaps and bounds and Betsy's wonderful work and designs could be found in many a wealthy mansion, in the best hotels and halls of the time. Among her patrons were such noted men as George Washington and Gouverneur Morris. Betsy was a real artist with her scissors as well as with her needle and she was asked to help to decorate Independence Hall for the first meeting of the Continental Congress.

One day in June, 1777, Betsy was busily sewing when she was startled by a loud knocking on the door. There had been many knocks on her plain door, but none had ever sounded quite the same to Betsy, and she opened it to be confronted by a group of men, headed by General Washington. George Washington explained to her that he knew she was an expert needlewoman and that they had come to her to see if she would not make a flag for the American Army. Washington explained how they would like to have the flag made, stating that they pre-

ferred to have a six-pointed star, but Betsy did not agree that such a star would be very artistic. For a time the seamstress and the general argued back and forth, but at last Betsy convinced Washington that a five-pointed star was much more beautiful. Since then the story has often been told how Betsy Ross made stars with one snip of the scissors.

At last Betsy finished the flag with its thirteen white stars on a circle of blue and its thirteen alternate red and white stripes, and it was so satisfactory that she was given a contract for all of the flags that they would use. It is said that the first flag Betsy made was unfurled on the Hall of Independence and another was draped on the spire of the Liberty Bell as it rang out its glad message of freedom to the land.

The Betsy Ross flag was officially adopted by Congress on the fourteenth of June, 1777, and we celebrate Flag Day in memory of this event. Betsy and her helpers, including her own family, continued making flags for many years, and after Betsy's death her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson, continued the work until 1856.

Betsy was very sad for a time after her husband's death in 1776, when he died from an injury received while guarding military stores. But there was so much to do that the active little woman could not long think of herself. Even though Betsy was a Quaker, and as a general rule they do not believe in rejoicing, still she said, "My voice shall be devoted to God and my country, and whenever the spirit moves me, I'll sing and shout for liberty!"

The spirit must have often moved the gentle heart of Betsy for her sweet voice was frequently heard in song, and she liked to sing nothing better than the "War Song of Independence," and vigorously wave a flag. By and by the sorrow over her husband's death eased in Betsy's heart and she was married to Captain Ashburn. He did not live very long, however, and sometime later Betsy was again married, this time to John Claypool. But it is as Betsy Ross that we know her.

In 1793 a terrible epidemic of yellow fever caused great suffering and many deaths in this country, and it was during this time that the celebrated Doctor Benjamin Rush gave to Betsy the name of the "Magical Quakeress." No one did more to relieve the sick and the dying than did Betsy and she was never too tired or too busy to heed the weakest request.

Betsy died in 1836, after a long life of loving and active service, and was buried in Philadelphia. The old house in which she lived for so many years has been made into a permanent memorial, and few things in historic old Philadelphia excite more admiration.



RUTH

ENTREAT me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

“Where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

Many noble and beautiful words have been spoken by people of all ages, and have lived in the memory of men and been uttered by their lips over and over again in the ages which followed their passing, but none have been spoken more often or loved more than these simple powerful words of Ruth's, the greatest heroine of the Bible. By these beautiful words of loyal decision Ruth has immortalized herself for all time.

This book of the Old Testament is a powerfully exquisite narrative of Hebrew rural life "at the time when judges judged," and is told in as simple and beautiful language as Lincoln used. The lovely story of Ruth was written many years ago by a Hebrew, and is one of the finest and best written love stories in the world.

Little or nothing is known of Ruth's birth and early life. We can imagine she had a wise and good father and mother who believed in teaching their children obedience and faith. Ruth must have been a pretty child, for it is known that she grew into a graceful, attractive woman with a loyal, sweet personality and of simple tastes. She must have been just such a daughter as every mother's heart yearns for, and to her father she must have been more than all the world besides. Simply and happily did this family live together, and by and by Ruth married the son of a Hebrew family who had migrated to the land of Moab, where Ruth dwelt.

Elimelech, Ruth's husband, had but one brother who married another simple, unselfish girl by the name of Orpah. Naomi, Ruth's husband's mother, was a clever woman, and it was her daughter-in-law's faithfulness to her which has made Ruth the most popular and best loved heroine of the Bible.

For about ten years Ruth and Orpah and their husbands and mother lived in happiness and peace together in Bethlehem-judah and then sadness came in their midst. First of all Elimelech became sick and nothing that his loving relatives could do for him seemed to help him.

Finally he died, and during the last days of his illness the brother sickened, and he died; and Orpah and the rest who loved him were also powerless to help him. But before his death the patient, kind father began to sicken and nothing the loving women could do would help him either, and he, too, passed away.

Now there was great sadness in that once happy home and the hearts of Ruth, Orpah, and Naomi were very heavy. Even in the midst of her great sorrow Naomi remembered how kind her daughters-in-law had been to her and how they had a right to live their own lives hereafter. The thought of parting with them added to the sorrow of the mother's heart. But she told the girls they had already done enough for her and that they should now return home, leaving her alone with her grief. Finally after much protesting Orpah went, assuring Naomi and Ruth of her love and loyalty. But all of Naomi's pleading could not persuade Ruth to go back to her home. It was then that Ruth turned to her saying the beautiful words with which we are so familiar.

So the two women traveled back to their native country of Palestine, more attached then ever. When they reached their old homes they were just beginning to harvest the barley. From the Bible we know that the harvesting of the grains was a very busy time in all Biblical countries.

It was the custom among the people of Palestine at that time for widows to go to their husband's brothers, or nearest of kin, and marry them, and when this was not possible the widows were expected

to give a good reason. As Ruth's husband's only brother had died she could not do this. So Naomi took her daughter-in-law to the home of Boaz, a very wealthy and renowned man, and a distant relative of her own.

Boaz had many great fields of grain in which the reapers were very busy. Ruth knew now that she and Naomi were dependent on her own efforts to support them. So she begged the rich man to allow her to go to the fields and garner after the reapers. Shortly after she started gleaning Boaz came to talk to Ruth and was greatly attracted by her sweet simpleness and her willingness to work to save that which others considered not worth the saving. The next day Boaz told his reapers to leave plenty of barley for Ruth to glean.

Naomi was eager to tell Boaz of Ruth's faithfulness and her kindness, and she also told the gentle old man that it was her desire he marry her daughter-in-law. "Not in all the land can a better wife be found," Naomi confided to Boaz, "and that would be the wish of my dear Elimelech." Boaz had thought little of marriage and was surprised, but the more he saw of Ruth the more he desired to do what Naomi had suggested.

But before Boaz could marry Ruth he found that he had to arrange with a nearer relative of the Moab maiden, whom he knew. So one morning Boaz stood beside his gate waiting eagerly for the man to pass, for he often passed on the road before Boaz' dwelling. Soon the man came and he was pleased with the arrangement. He readily gave his consent to

Ruth marrying Boaz. So Boaz and Ruth were married and all of the land belonging to Elimelech became Boaz's also.

Ruth and Boaz were very happy, and Naomi was happy with them. "Never was there such a daughter," the old woman would say over and over again. Then to make the home brighter there came to Ruth and her husband a little son, named Obed, who grew up in time into a good and wonderful man. He married and had a son whom he called Jesse. This boy also grew up and married and was the father of David, so it came to be that the gentle, modest Ruth was great-grandmother of the famous King David, the Hebrew Psalmist, and the direct ancestor of Jesus.





SACAJAWEA

MANY of us have heard and read about Lewis' and Clark's wonderful expedition through the northwestern states, but few there are who know that it was Sacajawea, the brave young Indian woman, who made the trip possible and successful.

Sacajawea was born in 1790 in an Indian village snuggled along the bank of the Snake River somewhere just west of the Bitter Root Mountains in what is now the state of Idaho. Her parents gave her the queer sweet name which in English means *bird woman*, because she looked so happy and bright.

Here, in the midst of the wilderness, with beauty stretching on every side, the baby soon grew into a toddling child, playing with the other children in camp, and as she grew older learning the household arts from her mother. Sacajawea liked to wander

through the country and in company with other Indians would take long walks and rides, observing many things, so while she was still very young she became familiar with all the landmarks and features of the country for miles around. She belonged to the Shoshone or Snake Indians and was very fond of her tribe.

One day when Sacajawea was in her ninth year the Shoshones were suddenly attacked by the Minnetarees of Knife River, and some of the women and children ran as swiftly as they could up the river and hid, while the men, mounting their fastest horses, fled. For a time Sacajawea and a little girl about her own age hid under an overhanging bank of the river and when they thought the intruders had left they started to cross the river at a shallow place, but they were hardly halfway across when they were captured. The captors separated the two little girls and started with Sacajawea to travel eastward to their village which stood where Bismarck, North Dakota, now stands. It was not long until the frightened child was sold as a slave to Tous-saint Chaboneau, a half-breed Frenchman, who was an adventurer and interpreter for the Northwest Fur Company.

At first Sacajawea was very lonely and frightened, but the man was good to her and the child's heart was naturally happy, so by and by she became gayer and again roamed far and wide over the prairies. She learned to love the rivers and other waters very much, and how to row and swim, and do all the other things that she saw the Indian boys

and girls do, and by and by they began to call her the "Boat Launcher" because of her skill in launching boats. When Sacajawea was only fourteen years old she was married to Chaboneau.

In October of 1804, a great boat filled with white men came up the river from the south, looking for a place in which to build their camp. This was the Lewis and Clark party of forty-six which had left St. Louis in May and was enroute to take an inventory of the new region just purchased by Jefferson.

It was not long till the newcomers visited the Chaboneau tent, for they were looking for a guide and interpreter, and before they left they had engaged the Frenchman and his young wife for this purpose. Baptiste, a little son, came to Sacajawea and her husband on the eleventh of February, and when the exploring party started out on their journey on the seventh of April the young Indian woman carried the baby every step of the five thousand miles that they traveled on land.

Lewis and Clark could have done nothing better to show their peaceful intentions than to take the woman and child with them, and not only that but her presence made the expedition far more cheerful and pleasant. Because of her knowledge Sacajawea proved to be an excellent guide, taking them safely through the most dangerous mountain passes, through treacherous, swirling waters, swift currents and Indian-infested areas. She endured the long, dreary months of toil and hardship with the greatest courage and cheerfulness, often being the brightest inspiration in the camp.

One May afternoon as Sacajawea, her husband and baby were traveling along in a canoe laden with medicines, records, scientific instruments, and other materials needed to make the trip a success, a sudden squall struck the boat and nearly turned it over. All the papers, tools and medicine were dumped into the whirling waters, and Sacajawea leaped after them, rescuing nearly all of them. From the tenth of June till the twenty-fourth the brave woman lay desperately ill, and one of the white captains bled her, a common practice in those days, but the party had to travel on, so she was placed in the back part of a boat, and they went on.

Every one was worried over Sacajawea and begged Lewis and Clark to stop till she was better, so they decided to do this and with the aid of medicine made from herbs and laudanum, Sacajawea soon became much better. Nine days later as they were making portage, the men noticed a dark cloud traveling toward them in the sky and they hurried to seek shelter. Clark, Sacajawea, and the baby found refuge beneath an overhanging rock, and the Indian mother brought with her the baby's extra clothes which she placed beside the cradle and Clark's gun. In an instant rain began to fall in torrents and a landslide followed, the worst part striking them, but with the gun in one hand Clark dragged the mother and her baby up the bank, but not before the water rose so high that it ruined the watch and compass in his pocket.

Clark was afraid that without these necessary instruments the expedition would result in a failure,

but Sacajawea comforted him and assured him that she could tell the directions very well and would soon be in a country which she knew. But until they reached that country the Indian woman was confident that she could guide them by instinct, which she did, and toward the end of July they came to places that Sacajawea recognized.

One day Chaboneau and Sacajawea were walking along the shore when a group of Indians approached them, and suddenly one of the women came forward and threw her arms around the bird woman. It was the little girl who had been with Sacajawea when they had been captured. Meanwhile others of the party were conferring with some Indian chiefs and they sent for Sacajawea to come and interpret for them. She began to translate for them in her soft, musical voice, when she astonished them all by jumping up and embracing Cameahwait, one of the chiefs, in whom she had recognized her brother. Some time after that Sacajawea learned that her tribe was trying to steal the horses of the expedition, and she immediately told Lewis and Clark.

By the end of August the explorers were ready to start on their journey westward, and there followed some of the worst part of the trip, but with dauntless courage Sacajawea led them onward. She varied the monotonous diet by gathering herbs and fixing them in various ways, stewing wild onions with meat, making trapper's butter from the shanks of elks, and other good dishes. Late in November the forlorn group reached Fort Clatsop, where they spent the winter, many of the men being sick and

desperate. That Christmas was a strange one even for Sacajawea, and they spent it in singing songs. Everyone rejoiced when they started the return trip early in March, and the trip that had taken them eight months to make was now accomplished in five.

After traveling part of the way Clark, accompanied by Chaboneau, Sacajawea and the baby, separated from the others and explored the Yellowstone. But by August they had reached the Minnetaree village, where they parted. Clark gave the Frenchman five hundred dollars and thirty-five cents and a horse for his services, but Sacajawea received nothing but their thanks. Clark wanted Chaboneau to accompany him to the states, but the Frenchman refused to do this.

Then for a number of years Sacajawea was not heard from or seen, but in 1837 Clark was appointed superintendent of Indian affairs and he had Chaboneau appointed interpreter with a salary of three hundred dollars. Later there was a record of the little Baptiste having gone to school in St. Louis. Sacajawea died in 1884 and was buried on the Wind River in the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming. Above her grave is a marker on a simple concrete pedestal on which these words are engraved on a brass plate:

Sacajawea,
Guide to Lewis and Clark Expedition,
1805-1807.

Identified by Rev. John Roberts,
Who Officiated at Her Burial
April 21, 1884.



Anna Howard Shaw

ANNA HOWARD SHAW

TO Doctor Anna Howard Shaw belongs the distinction of being the only woman who has preached in the Gustav Vasa Cathedral, the state church of Sweden, and she was the first ordained woman to preach in the various European capitals. Her life is an interesting one because of the obstacles and almost insurmountable difficulties which she overcame in order to follow the dictates of her own heart.

Little Anna was born on the fourteenth of February, 1847, in a quaint old house at Newcastle-on-Tyne in England. She inherited from her grandmother much of the love for liberty and sense for justice which made itself so manifest in her later life. The older brothers, and the two older sisters, Eleanor and Mary, thought that Anna was the most

wonderful baby who had ever lived, except when they had to take care of the little girl. As Anna grew older there were many happy days for her, and when a new brother, Harry, joined them they had more fun than ever.

Then there came a wonderful day that none of the Shaw children forgot as long as they lived, for the family started for America in a sailing vessel. When only a week out from shore the vessel was partly wrecked and taken back to Queenstown for repairs, where it remained for days. During this time the Shaws visited Spike Island where there was a great prison. Anna never forgot the discouraged, hopeless look on the faces of some of the men she saw in the great building, and even then she wondered what she could do to help them.

The family settled in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and the children were sent to school where Anna took a keen interest in her studies. She was a brilliant, studious pupil and quickly developed a genius for public speaking and oratory. But she was rather shy and one day as she rose to recite a piece she toppled over in a faint. As soon as she recovered her senses she insisted that she would finish the work or die, and it was this indomitable spirit that helped Anna in after life to fight the disheartening battles which came to her.

When Anna was twelve years old there came to her another eventful day when they started out for their three hundred and sixty-acre claim in Michigan, where the father and oldest brother, James, had gone some time before and built a rude log cabin.

Mrs. Shaw and her younger children were met at the station by an old wagon at which the girls took one look and decided that it was too rude for them to ride in. So they started out afoot and by and by when they got tired they found that the wagon was so full they could not ride. But room was made for them and they traveled the hundred miles, while James walked all the way accompanied by one or the other of the sisters and now and then by eight-year-old Harry. At length the rude home was reached and soon everybody was busy helping to get their first supper.

It was not long before James was working at making benches, rude bunks, tables and other furniture, while Anna and Harry were busy gathering the wild fruit, which was so plentiful, and drying it for winter use. In addition, they became quite skilled fishermen, and later there were many nuts to gather and store. So Anna grew in courage and strength and her encounters with Indians and wild animals made her fearless. These happy days were soon to end, for in the spring James became sick and was forced to go east for medical attendance.

The Shaws were in despair until Anna's brave words and smiles heartened them, and she and Harry planted the garden and made the maple sugar and syrup. Then Anna decided that she would start digging a well, and with the help of a neighbor boy she finished it, too. During these days there was very little time for study. Yet Anna yearned for more knowledge. She read over and over again the copies of the *New York Independent*, which her fa-

ther sent each week from the east, where he and two of the boys had remained to work to support the family.

By the time that Anna was fifteen years old, enough people had moved into the surrounding country to start a district school. After passing an examination the young girl became the first teacher with a salary of two dollars a week and the privilege of "boarding around." It was a strange school that the young girl taught in the midst of the wilderness and nearly all the books the pupils used were Anna's own hymn books and the almanacs found in the various families.

During her first year of teaching her father and her brothers, Jack and Tom, returned, and were happy in Anna's good fortune, which was a great help to the struggling family. In the second year of her teaching there came the news that Ft. Sumter had been fired upon and that President Lincoln was calling for troops. Almost at once Mr. Shaw, Tom and Jack left.

Dark days came for the Shaws and the family felt discouraged. As if the war was not hard enough to bear, new sorrow came, for Eleanor became very sick and in a short time died. The war finally closed and Anna was happy when her father and brother returned safely. It was then that the first step of her ambition was realized. Mary had married a successful Grand Rapids business man and now invited Anna to come and live with her and attend the high school there, which invitation the young girl gratefully accepted.

On her very first day in the Grand Rapids High School Anna confided her dearly cherished hopes to the principal, Lucy Stone, who became greatly attached to the ambitious little girl. To her great delight Anna was placed at once in the debating and speaking classes as she had so much desired to be. One day Miss Stone invited her to dinner where she met Dr. Peck who urged her to go and preach the quarterly meeting sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Ashton. Anna felt that her folk would disapprove of this and it seemed hard for her not to accept this kindly offer which she so much wished to do. She finally decided to accept but did not tell anyone about it till three days before.

Anna was summoned to a family council and informed that if she did not give up preaching she would receive no more help from her family. It was a hard time for Anna but she was firm in her decision and finally the day came when she completed her circuit. No woman yet had been ordained to the Methodist ministry, but nearly all of the ministers present agreed to let her pass, among those present being her own father. As she was now a licensed preacher Anna was able to enter the Methodist College free of tuition. After her graduation in 1875 she entered the theological department of Boston University, being the only woman student in a class of forty-two young men.

There followed grim hard days for the young woman who was ever determined and she passed an excellent examination but was refused ordination by the New England Methodist Conference on account

of her sex. Later she made an appeal to a higher conference and was ordained. She held pastorates in Hingham, Dennis, and East Dennis, Massachusetts, and during these days she supplemented her theological degree by one in medicine in Boston University.

In 1893 Anna was chosen to give the address at the World's Fair on Woman's Day in Chicago, a great honor. For the first time since she had taken up preaching her father spoke to her, crying, "My little Anna!" Then the whole Shaw family realized that instead of disgracing them by a choice of profession she had honored them beyond words.

While going about in her preaching and medical work Miss Shaw was firmly convinced that women had very little opportunity for advancement until they had financial and political freedom. Accordingly she gave up her chosen work that she might have more time, strength and effort to devote to this cause. But it was Susan B. Anthony, one of her closest and most trusted friends, who finally chose Miss Shaw's vocation for her by insisting that no one could win all causes. "Win suffrage for women and the rest will follow," she advised Anna and thereafter the two were constant workers together and conducted many a spirited campaign.

In 1892 Miss Shaw had been elected vice-president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association and in 1904 became its president. In 1915 appeared her autobiography which she called "The Story of a Pioneer." After an active, busy life Anna Howard Shaw died on the second of July, 1919.



KATE SHELLEY

THE name of Kate Shelley should be written foremost among the bravest women in the history of the world. It is much easier to do brave deeds amid the cheer, encouragement, and acclaim of people urging one on to victory than to do them alone in the dark of night with danger lurking on every side as did Kate Shelley. But all of her life was rich in character, courage and nobleness, and she thought nothing of doing the one great deed that has forever linked her name with that of the most heroic of women.

Search as we will, not much can be found in regard to Kate Shelley's private life, but we know she was born sometime in 1865, probably in Ireland or in England, for the family migrated to America in the late sixties. The father and mother, Kate, and

a younger sister found a home in a cottage built by the railroad near Honeycreek in Iowa, midway between Boone and Moingona. They lived in this little cottage because Mr. Shelley was a section foreman who had to live where he could see that the tracks were clear.

The turbulent Des Moines river ran very near to the Shelley home and the railroad tracks crossed it on a high trestle, a fascinating structure that never ceased to cause little Kate untold wonder. One of the duties of Mr. Shelley was to watch this wooden structure and to keep it safe for the passing trains, and often his two little daughters were by his side. Here the little girls grew into sturdy, wide-awake youngsters, used to excitement and danger and to the loneliness and work of the prairies.

Here in the surrounding prairie schools Kate and her sister went to school and played with the other children, dreaming and planning of the things they would do when they became women. Time passed and Kate grew into a strong, simple, kindly, unaffected young girl of sixteen years, loved and respected by all who knew her. Happy and care-free she was even that dreadful summer of 1881 that old-timers still recall with terrible dread. For days and days it rained continually and little streams became swollen rivers rushing and tearing down hillsides, washing out great, gaping gullies and roaring on down to the thundering Des Moines river. Never had even the oldest settlers seen such downpours of rain and the Des Moines river was at high water mark for weeks at a time. Honey

Creek became a roaring torrent, dangerous to cross.

In July conditions had reached the worse point and it seemed that the streams could rise no higher. Eleven of the twenty-one bridges across the river had been washed away. Then after another heavy rainstorm on the sixth of July there was a lull in the rain. Mr. Shelley had been gone all that day inspecting conditions and doing what he could to help the situation. Just as dusk was falling Kate came into the kitchen and picking up a lantern said to her mother, "Father isn't here to see that things are safe so I think I'll go and look around a bit."

Mrs. Shelley well knew that her daughter was able to take care of herself and she agreed that it might be a wise plan. Just as Kate stepped from the door she saw the bridge near her home wash away. So she went rapidly on to the trestle, calling to her mother that she was going on to the "long bridge," as they always called the railroad bridge. For a moment she stood watching the swirling waters and wondering if the frail-looking structure would withstand the terrible pressure of the water.

The railroad had at this place what they called a "helper engine," which helped to pull the heavy freight trains through this section, and as Kate was standing there, watching, it passed her and puffed out on the trestle. The fire in the engine box glowed brightly and cheerfully in the dark, dismal night and for a moment the girl forgot the treacherous waters leaping and gurgling below.

For an instant the trestle swayed back and forth, back and forth with the weight of the engine, and

Kate stood, breathless. Then a thundering crash and the engine fell through the trestle, just as the engineer and fireman jumped. Kate saw them floating below holding fast to logs, and she could hear them shouting to one another and she wondered dully how she could help them.

Then into her dazed mind flashed another thought, the thought that the east-bound passenger train was due in a little while at Moingona, the first station from the bridge and two miles away. The fast express never used the helper engine. So Kate knew it would never slow up and if it struck the broken trestle it would go down into the river.

Kate could not telegraph; besides the trembling remains of the trestle, swaying fifty feet above the dark waters, were between her and the nearest station. Kate knew that there was nothing for her to do but save the train. She started out on the trestle, of which nothing was left but the sleepers studded with the heads of spikes. Masses of debris and driftwood were dashing against the abutments, causing it to sway perilously.

Now the storm began again and rain fell in a steady downpour, blowing out the lantern with the first blast. On her hands and knees Kate fought her way, bit by bit, over the trestle and when the wind was fiercest she lay down on the structure and held fast to the rails. There was the gap where the helper engine had gone through, but Kate paused only long enough here to leap over it.

At last the river was crossed. Kate knew that she had only a few minutes more before the express

was due and she thought she might as well have stayed at home if she did not get to Moingona in time. So with her clothes hanging in tatters and her knees and hands bleeding, she ran on, just as the east-bound express had pulled into the station. Only a few passengers had got off and they huddled in the shelter of the station away from the driving rain. With his hand on the throttle the engineer was waiting for the signal to start when into the bright headlight of the engine came Kate running and crying:

“Stop! Stop! The long bridge’s gone and the helper engine’s through.”

Then Kate fainted on the track, never hearing the thankful cries of the two hundred passengers. In a little while she returned to consciousness and went back on the engine to help save the men who were clinging to the logs in the river.

The passengers on the train took up a collection and gave it to Kate to express their gratitude. The school children of Dubuque gave her a gold medal, which was followed by one from the State Legislature of Iowa, which also presented her with five thousand dollars.

Later Kate was appointed bill clerk of the State Senate and afterward she took up the duties as station agent, which position she kept up to the illness resulting in her death. Dr. Henry S. Cogswell gave a drinking fountain to Dubuque in her honor, and when a new bridge was built to take the place of the old structure over the Des Moines river it was named in Kate’s honor.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

NEIGHBORS calling at Judge Cady's home that twelfth day of November, 1816, to catch their first glimpse of the new daughter probably thought little of the influence their baby girl would have and the good she might grow up to do. But even her mother and father, proud as they were of Little Elizabeth, never once dreamed of her growing into a leader of woman, or taking an active part in the foremost movements of that time. In those days women did not often go outside of their homes to do work. So it was but natural that the Judge and his wife planned a home career for the tiny girl even in the first days of her life.

Elizabeth spent all the first years of her life in the pretty, cozy home of her parents in Johnston, New York. Her father, being a judge, was deeply inter-

ested in education and any subjects relating to politics. Her mother was a refined, educated woman, who was always interested in her husband's and childrens' work. From her earliest days Elizabeth heard interesting discussions and in her father's office she first became acquainted with the common law.

As she grew older, but was still a mere child, there was no place that Elizabeth liked to go better than to her father's office. Silently, with every sense alert, the little girl would listen to discussions in the office which many a learned man would have called "dry and uninteresting." But Elizabeth's keen brain sifted everything she heard until she could find in it something she could understand and digest.

At school Elizabeth was a bright, interested, studious child who found joy and good even in studying. She was such a diligent student that even the grave judge found nothing in this respect to chide her about. "Little Elizabeth will make a great woman," he would often say as he patted the top of her head. It was during the visits to her father's law office that Elizabeth first became interested in the Anti-slavery movement, for even at that time it was causing considerable agitation.

Elizabeth grew into a charming, cultured lady and in 1837 she went to visit a distant cousin, Gerrit Smith, in Peterboro. In after life she often wondered if her life would have been the same if she had not made that pleasant visit, for it was at that time she met Henry B. Stanton, the man whom she married. He was a young and fervent orator who had

already won considerable distinction as an advocate of the Anti-slavery movement. Those days in Peterboro were some of the most beautiful days in Elizabeth's busy life and she revelled in their charming leisure.

It was not long until Elizabeth and Stanton were married. Then came the fulfillment of one of her fondest dreams, a trip to Europe, Mr. Stanton being sent as a delegate for the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. Her visit to London was another turning point in Elizabeth's crowded life, for it was there that she met Lucretia Mott, the slaves' "Goddess of Liberty."

Here the two women formed a friendship which never waned, but grew richer with the passing years. It was largely through Mrs. Mott's influence that Elizabeth decided to call a woman's rights convention at her home in Seneca Falls in July, 1848. This was the beginning of her active public career, during the course of which she was always a constant and warm champion of equal rights for the two sexes and interested in anti-slavery and other reform movements.

A prominent feature of Elizabeth's life was the attention she always gave to the duties of her own life, and the clever skill she used to keep her public and home life from conflicting. Elizabeth was a true homemaker and did not believe in slighting any work that was given her to do. The Stantons had five sons and two daughters, which as any mother knows, took constant care and attention and Elizabeth was always a real mother to them. She believed that others

could attend to matters outside of her home but no one but herself could be a mother to her children.

After the convention the first formal demand for the extension of suffrage for women was made. The National Woman's Association was quickly formed and Mrs. Stanton was chosen as the first president, no one being more capable and better fitted for the post. She retained this position until 1893. Soon after the convention Elizabeth was called upon to lecture at various gatherings, and as the people heard her the demands for her lectures grew. Soon these lectures included tours over the United States, Canada, England, France, and Scotland. Her fame spread rapidly.

In 1868 Mrs. Stanton was a candidate for Congress, and in 1888 she presided over the First International Council of Women held in Washington. During these and the following years she was a frequent contributor to magazines and was joint author of "A History of Woman Suffrage." She was the founder, and for a time editor, of *The Revolution*, a reform periodical.

Many of the reforms Mrs. Stanton agitated and worked for so diligently in her life are still unachieved. But she accomplished much and lived to see a great improvement in the affairs of women, mostly along educational lines, matters pertaining to woman's legal possession of personal property and in the struggle for equal suffrage. "Eighty Years and More," an autobiography of her life, was published in 1895, giving a detailed and interesting glimpse of her active life. She died in 1902.



Harriet Beecher Stowe

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

PROBABLY no American family has contained more distinguished members than that of Lyman Beecher, father of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the first woman to gain fame as a writer in America.

Harriet Beecher was born June 14, 1811, in Litchfield, Connecticut, and a year later her famous brother, Henry Ward, joined the Beecher family. Litchfield was noted for its refinement and culture, and the first ladies' seminary in this country was located there. Lyman Beecher, Harriet's father, was the celebrated minister, so from the very first Hatty, as she was familiarly called, and her sisters and brothers were surrounded with a cultured atmosphere.

All the children were taught faith in God, and one of Harriet's favorite mottoes, which she often

repeated during her life, was "Trust in the Lord and do good."

When Harriet was only four years old her mother died, but her loving influence made a strong impression on the child, as well as on her sisters and brothers. After her death her grandmother came to keep house for the Beecher family. Harriet's elder sister, Catherine, was her faithful companion in childhood, as well as in later years, and Henry Ward, who afterward became a famous minister, was her favorite brother. But she loved the others, too, and admired her pretty sister, Isabella. Another of her brothers, Edward, later became pastor of the Salem church, and Charles, another brother, a clerk in a wholesale commission house in New Orleans.

As a child Mrs. Stowe was very fond of reading, and read Burns' ballads, the "Arabian Nights" and the "Waverly Tales." She read "Ivanhoe" seven times. Before completing her college education Butler's "Analogy" was a great favorite. Part of her education was obtained in Litchfield, and the rest in Boston, her father going to that city, famed in America for its splendid culture.

When she was only fifteen years old, Harriet assisted her sister in teaching at Hartford, and this helped to develop her literary instincts. She began to compose stories, poems and sketches, some of which were published and contained considerable merit. At this time her father was appointed President of the Lane Theological Seminary, which had just been established at Cincinnati, Ohio, to which city the Beechers moved at once.

Harriet accompanied the family to Cincinnati and began teaching there. Here she had many opportunities to study life among the lowly. As the Ohio river was the boundary line between the slave and free states, she often saw many exciting incidents. It was here that she witnessed many of the things that she later described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her literary work, and her sweet, modest womanhood attracted the attention of Calvin E. Stowe, a professor in Lane's Seminary, and they were married in 1836.

In 1850 Professor Stowe accepted the chair of sacred literature in Bowdoin College, and with their five small children they went to Maine to live. Mrs. Stowe was a very busy woman, but devoted her spare time through these years to writing.

Mrs. Stowe was forty years old when she began writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She had seen much of life and of its sufferings, which made such a deep impression on her sympathetic nature that she poured out the anguish of her heart in this book. The thought for the story first came to her while sitting in the college chapel. On her return home she wrote the chapter telling of the death of Uncle Tom, with a pencil stub on some coarse wrapping paper. The story was first published as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper of the time, the first installment appearing June 5, 1852. She received three hundred dollars for the serial, and before it was completed overtures had been made to print it in book form. The book sold as no other book had done, and she received hundreds of dollars

in royalties. Next to Lincoln, Mrs. Stowe's dramatic book did more to abolish slavery than any other cause. It was translated into many languages, and the modest professor's wife found herself one of the world's most famous women.

Shortly after the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the Stowes went to Boston to live, where Mr. Stowe died. By this time their children had grown up and left home. Mrs. Stowe went to Hartford to live with her two daughters, and she spent twenty years with them. She was a neighbor of Mark Twain and Charles D. Warner. As if to follow out the tradition of the family, her son, Charles, became a minister of the gospel.

Among the other books that Mrs. Stowe wrote are, "Pearl of Orr's Island," "The Minister's Wooing," "Old Town Folks," "Dred," which is another novel of negro life, "A Dog's Mission," "Little Pussy Willow," "From Dawn to Daylight" and the "Mayflower," but none of these has been widely read, and had she not written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her name would have been forgotten long ago.

In peaceful quiet her gentle spirit departed for her heavenly home in 1896.



CELIA THAXTER

CELIA THAXTER is one of the most picturesque figures in American literature, and the calm magnificence of June must have entered the little girl's soul. She learned to love the beauty of the great out-of-doors, and to picture it with a deeper understanding than anyone ever has.

The little girl's maiden name was Celia Leighton, and she was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. No baby ever had such a wonderful environment and thrilling experiences, for from the very beginning her bright eyes looked upon the wild wonders of the sea, sky, foam, and rock. As she grew older her brothers helped to show her the beauty and wildness of the scenery that surrounded her, and with them she romped and played as no other child ever had done.

When the little Celia was a few years old the family went to the Isle of Shoals, where the father became keeper of the White Island Light, and a short time later they moved to Appledore Island. Here Celia spent every summer of her life thereafter, and many winters. But it was not always the father who lit the lamps to guide the boats safely into harbor, for often the small boys pleaded to light the great lamps, and still more often it was Celia's loving hands that did the task. "So little a creature as I might do that much for the great world," she would cry in glee, when permitted to do the work she loved so well.

Celia was a very attractive and pretty child, radiant with overflowing life and joy reaped from living so much in the great out-of-doors. Her face was always brilliant and lit with a frank, sympathizing smile, and the freshness of nature was always about her. These charming traits stayed with her all her life, making her loved and trusted by everybody.

Probably no child ever lived who so delighted in watching things grow. Out there on the rocks around the lighthouse she knew where every growing thing could be found. Just as the tiny blades of grass, the few scattered flowers, and the seaweed grew, so did the wild fancies grow in the child's fertile brain. Everything Celia saw, whether tragic or beautiful, fed her fancies and she imagined that the wild waves galloping about and chasing one another to the rocks were magic horses. The flying spray, the floating clouds, the terror of shipwrecks, the tragedy of the fishers' lives, the lone-

liness, the wild emotions of the moaning waters, the stars, the beauty of the northern lights and myriads of other things all appealed to the little girl. "It was wonderful to wake," as she said, "to the infinite variety of beauty that always awaited me, and filled me with an absorbing, unceasing joy such as makes the sparrow sing—a sense of perfect bliss. . . . Ever I longed to speak these things that make life so sweet." In later years she immortalized her life at this time in her charming little book entitled, "The Isle of Shoals," which has become a classic.

Celia's sympathetic little heart was wrung with pity over the tragedy of the sea birds, killed as they dashed against the lighthouse, seeking refuge from some wild storm. And her glowing little face would grow strained and white as she heard the older folk tell gruesome legends of the island. All these things helped to give the child a deeper understanding of the simple people among whom she lived. So she grew up with the sea, the sky, and the rocks of the northern coast of New England.

There was nothing the little girl was quite so fond of as dancing with the sandpipers. She afterward wrote a beautiful poem about these birds, in which she said, "For are we not God's children both, thou, little sandpiper, and I?" Sarah Orne Jewett, another writer, who loved children, and Celia especially, called her little "Sandpiper," because she thought the little girl was so much like these strange birds.

Hour after hour Celia would watch the birds burrow their long bills into the sand in search of food.

There is a species known as the solitary sandpiper, because it prefers to be alone and live in out-of-the-way places. It seldom notices people as they approach, and will keep on in search of food till nearly caught, then will run away with a loud "peet, peet." It seldom flies unless pressed, and then makes a short flight and comes back to the same place for food. It was these sandpipers that Celia loved so well.

She was only fifteen, still a child, when Levi Thaxter came to the island and they were married in a short time. But she would not leave her beloved island, and still spent most of her time there writing poetry, painting the scenes about her, and enjoying music. She wrote some prose, but it is as a writer of lyric poetry that she is best known and loved. Her first published poem, "Landlocked," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mrs. Thaxter's first book of poems appeared in 1872, and in 1884, "Poems for Children" was published. Others of verse and prose followed, among these being "Driftweed," "The Cruise of the Mystery," "Idyls and Pastorals," and "Among Isles of Shoals." Two books, "Letters and Stories" and "Poems to Children," were published the year after her death.

Mrs. Thaxter died on Appledore Island, the twenty-sixth of August, 1894, and her death was as calm and peaceful as her life had been.



QUEEN VICTORIA

THE inspiration of her whole life is perfect faith in God and devotion to her duty," said James Parton about Queen Victoria, one of the noblest and greatest women who have ever lived, and one of the best loved sovereigns of the British kingdom. The nineteenth century is spoken of as the "Era of Women," and Queen Victoria's reign of sixty-four years of unprecedented industrial development and prosperity was the greatest achievement of the time. With the exception of the reign of Louis XIV of France, Queen Victoria ruled longer than any other of the crowned heads.

Alexandrina Victoria, daughter of George, the Duke of Kent and the fourth son of George III, was born on the twenty-fourth of May, 1819, in Kensington Palace. Being the only child, she was greatly be-

loved, but her parents were wise and so she was taught regular habits and strict economy. She lived the dull, secluded life which so many children born in castles lived at that time, but despite the great old walls and stern faces about her Victoria was a lively, happy child.

When Victoria was only eight years old her father died, leaving an empty, sad place in her monotonous life, but her mother was a shrewd woman, as well as a sensible and clever one, and took up the burden. With the help of her brother, King Leopold, much of the heavy debt which had been contracted was lifted by Victoria's mother. In later years Victoria would often declare that the happiest days in her life were spent during this period when she visited Claremont, her uncle's beautiful home. The little girl possessed a beautiful voice, which was carefully trained, and which gave herself and companions much happiness, and from her very birth her mother trained her carefully for the position that her birth might some day make her heir to.

When Victoria was twelve years old she was told that she was the first princess of the blood and might inherit the throne. It was then that the enthusiastic girl took her governess' hand in hers and cried, "I will be good. I understand why you urged me so much even to learn Latin."

When Victoria was just a little over eighteen years old this great and wonderful responsibility came to her, her Uncle William IV dying on the twentieth of June, 1837. Before sunrise that morning the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis

of Conyngham were ringing and pounding on Victoria's door for admission to see the queen. It is hard to realize what this news meant to the modest young girl, and she kept saying to herself again and again that it could not be true and thought how terrible it was to lay aside all of her youthful freedom and be a dignified queen. It must have been at this time that the young lady promised herself never to be the stern, unapproachable queen she had dreaded so much to meet herself. A little over a year passed, in which Victoria was rigidly trained for the new duties, and then the coronation took place at Westminster Abbey on the twenty-eighth of June, 1838. A month later she was called to perform the public duty of attending a great parade.

Even though Victoria had to put aside many of her girlhood enjoyments, when in private life she liked to be the girl she had been and forget all about being a queen. Her education in politics and government now became deeper and she was directed in them by the loyal and sage Lord Melbourne, who became her first counsellor. To him great credit is due for developing much of the queen's wonderful ability and spirit of democracy.

It is but right to say that much of this noble queen's prosperous reign was due to the wisdom and broadmindedness of her counsellors, she having been blessed with the choice of good men in this respect. It was during these first days that Queen Victoria replied to a question asked her in this way: "I have immensely to do but I like it very much—I delight in this work." And no rulers have ever shown that

they loved their work, or their people more, than did this broadminded, kind-hearted queen.

Queen Victoria was very busy these days, but not too busy for a beautiful romance to creep into her life, and on the tenth of February, 1840, she married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The morning was cloudy and rain fell in dismal showers and nearly everyone was sorry that the day was so dark and cheerless, but the queen only smiled and assured them that it did not matter, and looking at her smiling face no one could believe that it did.

However, before the ceremony took place, the day cleared and turned bright and pretty, but it was no more shining than the happy face of the queen and her cousin. Their marriage was not only one of true happiness and contentment, but it was of great benefit to the queen's kingdom, for Prince Albert was a great student, an unselfish philanthropist and an able business man and he devoted himself to the people and became Victoria's chief adviser.

Happy and busy days passed for the king and queen. Four sons and five daughters came to them. The eldest little girl was named Victoria in honor of her mother, then came Albert, Edward, Alice, Alfred, Helena, Louise, Arthur, Leopold and Beatrice, several of them dying before their talented mother. But to all she gave the deepest care and attention for their education, believing that this was the true foundation on which their lives were to be built. As the girls grew older Queen Victoria studied history with them and helped them to make and arrange a

large collection. The boys learned fortification and other things, first from their father and afterwards from able instructors.

Queen Victoria mourned deeply at the death of her mother in March, 1861, and the thought of her was still lingering in her heart when her husband died on the fourteenth of December of the same year.

The queen had always been fond of literature and during these years she wrote a book entitled, "Our Life in the Highlands," which was followed fifteen years later by "More Leaves from the Journal of Life in the Highlands." In 1887 the people of England, with impressive and majestic ceremonies, celebrated the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, and ten years later her diamond jubilee was observed with even greater splendor. It is impossible even yet to estimate the good and significance reaped from her long reign, for some of the greatest things which ever happened in the history of the country took place during these years. Some one has said of her, "Among all the sovereigns of history none is held in higher esteem by Christian nations."

Always healthy and active, Queen Victoria seemed never to tire, and she did not appear to be old when she passed her eighty-first birthday, and on the twenty-second of January, 1901, died at her home in the Isle of Wight. There was great sorrow throughout the kingdom, for everyone missed the cheerful queen with the kind heart.



MARTHA CUSTIS WASHINGTON

WITH the exception of Mary Lincoln none of our presidents' wives have won as much fame as did Martha Washington, the very first woman to fill the place. The names of many of the presidents' wives are not known at all, but Martha was almost as popular as her illustrious husband, and her name is still often mentioned.

Martha Dandridge, the daughter of a wealthy Virginia planter, was born in a stately home in New Kent County sometime in May of 1732. The beauty and happiness of the spring days seem to have been the little girl's heritage for she was always gay and happy and as active and lively as the bees and butterflies that skimmed through the fields. The name of Martha was soon turned into "Patsy," by which

nickname she was known to more intimate friends all the rest of her life.

Every one loved the little Martha and the neighbors were always glad when the happy child came to see them. She was so gay-hearted, so unselfish that it did all of them good just to see the child, and many a mother told their own children that to be like Martha was a worthy effort. There were so many jolly things that Martha and her playmates could find to do on the big plantation, and they had their regular little tasks to do, for no matter how rich the pioneer families were they believed in teaching their children to work.

In those days schools were few and far between, so Martha did not receive a very extensive education. But she was given as thorough a one as any girl received in those days. Martha was naturally very brilliant and intelligent and grasped many a thing for herself and with the aid of her parents learned much outside of school.

While still in her young girlhood Martha met Daniel Parke Custis, a very handsome and energetic young man. Like most girls of her age Martha was dreaming romantic dreams and looking for wonderful princes. Martha was still a fun-loving girl at seventeen when she was married to Custis. Soon there came a son and a daughter to help fill Martha's busy life, but she lost none of her light-heartedness and graceful activity.

By and by the first real sorrow Martha had ever known came to her in the death of her husband. How lonely and sad Martha was for a while, but

she had the two children who delighted in playing about and laughing, and in them the young mother found a great solace.

Then came the Revolutionary War and Martha found a great many things she could do to help others. She devoted a great part of her time to helping the soldiers, and they grew to love her very much.

Everyone was happy when Martha stopped to chat with them a little while or even give them a smile or a passing touch with her hand as she came by. In those days she was so busy, and so happy in doing what she could to help others, that she forgot about the deep ache in her heart. It was while on a visit to some friends in Virginia in 1759 that Martha first met Colonel Washington.

George Washington at that time was as handsome as he ever was and strong and stalwart and Martha's heart went out to him at once. He was so courtly, so impressive, and it is probable that Martha's friends were plotting when they arranged the meeting. Colonel Washington was attracted just as deeply by the comely young widow and everyone observed their interest in one another. In a short time Martha became Mrs. Washington and her thoughts were turned into a new channel.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, Washington was chosen as president and Martha went to live in the White House, just like a real queen. But the simple Patsy of childhood days still lived in Martha's heart and she was the same unassuming, pleasant girl she had always been. She became a very charming and popular hostess, greatly loved by all

who knew her. She never forgot even the poorest of her girlhood friends and no one ever accused Martha of being a snob. The two children had wonderful times playing in the White House and grew up and married, and later on the Washingtons adopted one of the boy's children.

After the death of George Washington, Martha went to live at Mount Vernon, his old home, and here she staid for the three remaining years of her life. She lived an active life, keenly interested in many affairs and always eager to take a part in the life around her. Here she died in 1802, and was buried beside her husband.





EMMA WILLARD

THE love of teaching appears to have been a passion in her mind." So said Mrs. Hale about Emma Hart Willard, the first woman to advocate higher education for women. Mrs. Willard gave all her life for the cause of education and all the present day schools are built on the foundation of the schools she founded.

Emma Hart, which was Emma's name when she was a girl, was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in February, 1787. Emma was not yet a week old when her mother looking into the baby's bright eyes predicted that she felt the child would become a great woman. "I hope she'll do something that is as bright and beautiful in the world as her eyes are," said her mother.

Although the mischief-loving little Emma may

have caused Mrs. Hart many minutes of worry, still no mother was ever prouder of the mental attainments of her child. Everyone admired and loved the keen-eyed, bright child, who, as soon as she started to talk, was asking all kinds of puzzling questions.

Long before little Emma started to school she knew how to read and write, and no little girl ever liked better to go to school than she did. She was very clever and intelligent and progressed rapidly in her studies, always being at the head of her class. Emma never forgot those golden school days and even then she began thinking of what she could do to help other little girls and boys to get a better education. People laughed because the sober-faced little girl would rather take a book and crawl away and read it than play with her playmates or even go to a picnic. Yet Emma was fond of play and often romped with the other children, which helped to keep her a happy, healthy child.

In those days there were not many persons capable of teaching school, even though the instructors were not required to have an extensive education. So when Emma was only sixteen years old she began teaching the district school in Berlin. Although the young teacher was nothing but a child herself she knew instinctively how to manage even the most disobedient and stubborn of her pupils, and it was marvelous how she could get them interested in the dullest lessons. The pupils all grew to love her very much, and as the last day of school drew near they all regretted that they would not have her for a teacher the next year.

The following year Emma opened a select school which only some of the children of the richer families could attend. The young teacher found equal favor among her pupils here, and the news of her teaching abilities spread, so that during the summer she was placed at the head of the Berlin Academy. Even though her school duties kept her busy Emma managed to find some spare moments to devote to studying.

During the years she taught at the Berlin Academy Emma was engaged throughout the summer and winter as instructress at home, but in the spring and autumn she managed to attend one or the other of the boarding schools at Hartford. In these schools she drew attention as a remarkable student of unusual mental attainments, and yet she was always admitting to herself how very little she knew and marveled at the wonderful things yet to learn.

In 1807 Emma was chosen to take charge of an academy in Westfield, Massachusetts. Instead she went to Middlebury, Vermont, where she taught an academy for girls for two years. Mrs. Willard always looked back to these days as being among the happiest of her busy and happy life.

It was in this little town that Emma met Doctor Willard, whom she married in 1809. He took a very keen interest in her work and aided her wherever he could, and it was owing to his suggestions that Emma opened a boarding school in Middlebury, Vermont, in 1814. Now for the first time she was able to introduce some of the new studies and methods of teaching which had filled her brain for so long.

These studies and methods proved to be very successful and are the foundation on which many of our modern studies and methods of teaching are based.

Governor Clinton, hearing of Mrs. Willard's great interest in educational affairs, invited her to move her boarding school to New York, where he insisted she would have wider and better opportunities for her ideas. He also commended her "Plan," as her methods of education were called, to the legislature.

Through the governor's efforts Mrs. Willard's school was removed to Troy, New York. Here the school was very successful and ever since the seminary has been associated with her name. It is due to the success of this school that subsequently there appeared such famous schools for girls as Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Oberlin, Smith, Vassar, and others. For thirteen years after her husband's death Mrs. Willard conducted the college which she founded.

In 1830 Mrs. Willard visited Europe and upon her return to America she published a volume of travels, entitled "Journals and Letters from France and Great Britain," and she gave the proceeds of \$1,200 from its sale to help establish a school for girls at Athens, Greece. In 1838 she resigned her position at the academy and returned to Hartford, and in 1845 she made an educational tour through the southern counties of New York, studying educational matters from various angles. The next year she made an extended tour of the western states, everywhere being welcomed and honored.

It was sometime during these years and the ones up to her death that she wrote the words of the beau-

tiful song we know so well, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Mrs. Willard was also the author of a number of textbooks, and among her writings are the "History of the United States," "Last Leaves of American History," "Morals for the Young" and "Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood."

Mrs. Willard died on the fifteenth of April, 1870, shortly after her eighty-third birthday, in the town of her birth. In 1895 a beautiful statue was erected to her memory in Troy, New York, but the efforts of her earnest and noble work are perpetuated in every school building in America.





FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

I WOULD say it is to make the whole world homelike," was Miss Willard's reply when asked her ideal of womanhood, then she added, "The true woman will make homelike every place she enters, and she will enter every place in this wide world." No life is a better illustration of the influence of a Christian home than that of Frances Elizabeth Willard. Not only did her religious training influence the woman herself, but the entire world.

Frances Willard was born on the twenty-eighth of September, 1839, in Churchville, New York. Both of her parents were school teachers, and believed in giving their children the best education possible. When Frances was two years old the family emigrated to Oberlin, Ohio, where they spent five years in study. Then Mr. Willard's health failed and

a change of climate and occupation was recommended. So once again the family traveled in prairie schooners to Janesville, Wisconsin, a distance of five hundred miles. The father drove the first wagon, Oliver, the eldest child, the second, and in the last came little Frances and her mother.

Frances loved her picturesque new home and the wonderful bluffs and prairies amid which it snuggled. Here her sister, Mary, and younger brother were born. The four children had wonderful times together. In the region there were few schools, so the Willard children were taught at home, and not till Frances was fourteen years old did she ever enter a school building. Then a typical little log school house was built near by and the Willard children started to school. But during all the preceding years Frances' education had been blended with her religious growth, molding her into a splendid girl from whom later the wonderful woman was developed.

When Frances was fifteen years old she was sent to a select school in Janesville, and when she was eighteen to the Milwaukee Female College. She was very shy in her strange environment, so far away from her childhood surroundings, and the other pupils thought her haughty and independent. After graduating from the Milwaukee College, Frances entered the Northern Female University of Evanston, and at this time her talents leaned toward a literary career. That winter she joined the Methodist Church and her religious aspirations greatly influenced her life.

After graduating from this college she taught

school for two or three years. In 1862 her sister Mary died, and she felt the loss very keenly. The next two years she taught at the Pittsburgh Female College, and wrote a book about her sister called "Nineteen Beautiful Years." With the death of her father and the marriage of Oliver the beautiful Christian home was broken up. Feeling she was unable to stand the loss, Miss Willard decided to spend the next two and a half years in Europe, in company with Miss Jackson.

In Europe Miss Willard was impressed everywhere by the inferior way in which women were treated. "What can be done to make the world a wider place for women?" she asked herself over and over again. In Paris she decided to study the question as related to the women of Europe, and after returning to America to take up the same research work. She resolved to talk in public, write, fight, do anything to help settle this question. So Frances Willard made the choice of her life's career. On her return to this country, because she needed money to support herself and her mother, she resumed her teaching. In 1871 she was elected dean of a college for women, remaining in this place till 1874.

About this time the Women's Temperance Crusade started in Ohio, and Miss Willard, being so keenly interested in bettering the welfare of women, read all she could about this movement. In her way she helped wherever she could. One day in March, 1874, a group of women were insulted by some loafers, and indignant at their actions Miss Willard made a temperance lecture, which was soon followed

by another and still others, until she became known as an eloquent lecturer.

So deeply was Miss Willard interested in the temperance question that she resigned her position in the school and went east to study the anti-saloon uprising. She was soon chosen as the president of the Chicago Woman's Union and returned to Chicago, where she often went hungry and tired in order to investigate conditions. After that her life is very closely connected with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is the real founder. In October, 1874, she was elected corresponding secretary of the Illinois State Union. A year or so later she became its president, and in 1879 she became the president of the National Union.

It was in 1876 that Miss Willard first declared that she had given her support to women's suffrage, urging that through the ballot the women would win better protection from the evils of drink. In 1892 she visited England as the guest of Lady Somerset, the great temperance reformer. The last six years of Miss Willard's life were divided between the United States and Europe.

For a time Miss Willard edited the *Post and Mail* and the *Union Signal*. She also wrote several books, including "Woman and Temperance," "Glimpses of Fifty Years" and "A Great Mother." She died in 1898, as beautifully and peacefully as she had lived. She contributed more to the cause of temperance than any woman of her day.



ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG was the best known woman educator of the times, and she was the first woman to serve as the superintendent of the schools in a large city. Her entire life was given in an effort to better the education of this country, and every boy and girl in the United States is indebted to this noble woman.

Ella Flagg was born in Buffalo, New York, on the fifteenth of January, in 1845, and from the very beginning her parents considered her an exceptional child. When only a baby she was very fond of books, and when other children can scarcely talk this little girl was gazing fondly through books and papers. Her parents soon came to Chicago, where the small girl had many opportunities to enlarge her education, and she was a child who always liked to go to

school. There was nothing she liked better than to study, and after completing grammar school she attended high school. She was a brilliant pupil, and her teachers were fond of dreaming what the intelligent young girl would do some day.

After graduating from the high school she went to the Chicago Normal school, where she received a Ph.D. degree, completing her education at the University of Illinois. She began teaching school in 1862, and was a very successful and capable teacher, being loved and respected by her pupils. One of her pupils declared that there was nothing Miss Flagg did not know.

In 1868 she married William Young, who had become intensely interested in her educational views. She had a mind of her own, and was not afraid to express her thoughts. But she made a helpful wife and loved her home, though most of her time was devoted to the work she loved so well. In 1887 she was elected district superintendent of the Chicago schools, and she held the position till 1899. Shortly afterward she served as Professor of Education in the University of Chicago, a great honor for such a young woman.

She held this position till in 1905, when she was elected principal of the Chicago Normal School, which place she held till 1909. A year after becoming the principal she became editor of the *Educational Bi-Monthly*, a journal for educational workers. Her first book, "Isolation in the School," appeared in 1901, and made her a popular authority on educational problems. In 1902 a second book, "Eth-

ics of the School Room," was printed. Mrs. Young's strength was wonderful and she seemed never to tire while at work on educational matters.

In 1909, Mrs. Young, who was then the most popular teacher in the schools of Chicago, was elected superintendent of the schools of Chicago, a place that had never before been filled by a woman. Here Mrs. Young showed her wonderful ability, energy and capability. Her chief and most valuable contribution to the school system of Chicago was the introduction of studies of a practical kind, which paved the way for more formal vocational training. Because of her years of experience Mrs. Young understood many things that other superintendents had not, and she improved the schools of the city in many ways. She has been as much of a reformer in educational affairs as Florence Nightingale was in nursing, and Mrs. Stowe in the life of the negro.

Mrs. Young held the office of superintendent until 1915, except for a few days in December, 1913, when, because of some misunderstanding she resigned, but was re-elected immediately. The hearts of the people of Chicago were with her, and they wanted her to be at the head of their schools. By this time she had become known throughout the world, and many educational problems were referred to her.

In 1910 Mrs. Young was honored by being elected a member of the State Board of Education. She had held numerous positions in various educational organizations, at one time being president of the National Educational Association.

The women principals of Chicago paid a beautiful

tribute to Mrs. Young by organizing an association, which they have named the Ella Flagg Young Club. Mrs. Young was an enthusiastic member of various clubs for women in Chicago, and each considers it a great honor to have had her as a member.

Because of ill health and old age, Mrs. Young resigned from her educational work in 1915. But still energetic and active in mind, she could not be idle, so she became intensely interested in the movement for woman's suffrage, where her keen mind did much for the cause. Still vividly alive to all educational matters this remarkable woman spent her last years in Chicago, the city in which she lived nearly all her life. She died in 1918. The better schools of the city are a wonderful monument to her life's work.

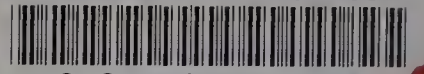






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